The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY
Over 700,000 Copies Sold Every Week

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper

DECEMBER 27, 1947

PRICE 4d.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4779437

"Blush Cleansing" brings beauty!

New way to a Lovelier Complexion with POND'S COLD CREAM

That clear, fresh glow is the new complexion look these days! But do you have to spend expensive hours in beauty treatments to get it? No — not even if you can afford the time and money.

You can give your skin an instant clean-sweet look — an instant softer, silkier feel right in front of your bathroom mirror. You can bring up the charming blush of colour which sings of youth — with the new "Blush Cleansing" designed specially to use with your favourite Pond's Cold Cream.

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

"Blush-Cleanse"

for Beauty with

Pond's Cold Cream

First... YOU ROUSE YOUR SKIN

by pressing a face cloth wrung out in warm water against your face and throat.

Next... YOUR "CREAM-CLEANSE"

while your skin is still receptively moist and warm. Spin generous fingers full of snowy Pond's Cold Cream upwards in circles over your face and throat, as if drawing little engagement rings over your skin. Pond's Cold Cream has a special demulcent action. It gently loosens dust and stale make-up as your fingers swirl. Tissue off.

Then... YOUR "CREAM-RINSE"

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Invite the soft-smooth Pond's "engaged look"! Dip your fingers deep into a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream night and morning — every day.

Miss Eleanor Painter

"BLUSH-CLEANSES" FOR BEAUTY WITH POND'S COLD CREAM

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ALL TOO PERFECT

By . . .
Mary Howard

THE day before Christmas Eve the usual sort of Christmas disintegration was running through the large modern offices of Dayne and Co., advertising agents. In the studio there was a rebellious inclination towards long and somewhat liquid lunches, and in the big general office a Christmas engagement had gone to every feminine head. The blonde typist who was proudly displaying her new ring was continually surrounded by a group of girls chattering excitedly about the trousseau.

They sounded like a group of London sparrows twittering—at least that was what they sounded like to Breatrice.

Beatrice, who, in an office given to pet names, remained firmly Miss Graham, was Mr. James Dayne's personal secretary. The name had power in Dayne's.

She was twenty-six, dark, slender, and attractive, groomed to the lacquered finger-nails of each white hand. She had made herself into a career-girl of the highest possible voltage, therefore to the staff she was inclined to be crisp.

To Jim Dayne she was everything she thought might please him. Quiet voiced, soothing, she combined miraculous efficiency with a smoothly humorous understanding. The pattern of an office worker during the day, the pattern of feminine companionship in the evening.

It might all have continued indefinitely to Beatrice's promotion and success if Jim had been a fifty-year-old magnate with no outside interests but golf.

But Jim was not quite thirty, and not quite six feet tall. He had bronze hair and grey eyes, and he had packed a D.F.C. away with his R.A.F. uniform. He danced like an angel. He liked the theatre, he talked well and amusingly.

Beatrice was in love with Jim. Beatrice thought she knew all about him—she could almost anticipate his wishes. He liked people—he liked Beatrice. And every silly girl in the office would cut off her silly head if she thought it would please him, Beatrice thought, and added, morosely, so would I.

She sat at her typewriter and worked while the Christmas spirit in an overwhelming wave of small, kindly, useless presents and bottles of atrocious sherry circulated through the office. She typed like an automaton with such virtuosity that her eyes rarely strayed from her notes to the machine, and her thoughts could run about on their own, undisturbed.

The outer office would have been more than a little surprised if they could have read them.

. . . He kissed me last night. But he's often kissed me—it means nothing. He goes out with other girls, and probably kisses them. Why can't he see I'm just the type for him? I wish he wasn't quite so per.ect —it's a strain being perfect always. I haven't made any arrangements for Christmas, because he may stay in town for Christmas, and if he is I must be here.

What shall I do if he goes away? I'd like to go to Thatchend . . . I'd love to see Lois and the kids, and relax. Lois will be making mince pies. . . . I adore making mince pies. I adore waking up on Christmas morning at Thatchend with all the kids sitting on bits of toy trains on my bed and the fox terrier licking my face.

No good. He'll want to dance, I expect. That means a shampoo and manicure after the office to-night. I could choke little Simpson getting herself engaged and sploshing it all over the office.

Here, unaccountably, she made an error. Her dark thin brows scowled, and she erased it neatly and went on.

. . . I love him. He isn't back from lunch yet. Everything must be ready. If he's landed that MacMillan account he'll want to knock off; everything must be finished so that he can go. Why can't those girls work to-day? Why must they behave so idiotically just because it's Christmas? It isn't Christmas anyway until the day after to-morrow . . .

She finished her letters, piled them neatly for signature, and rang her bell fiercely. After a slight lapse of time Miss Simpson appeared, rather pink and bright-eyed. She patted her fluffy hair complacently so that the ring caught the light on Beatrice's desk.

Bea stood quite still for a moment, absorbing the happy atmosphere of this home at Christmas time.

Beatrice looked up, her eyes the color of shadows in an iceberg.

"Will you take these drawings through to Mr. Gardener?" Jeremy Gardener was the head artist and Beatrice's brother-in-law. "Tell him Mr. Dayne has okayed them, and ask him to get the slight alteration done in number three, and down to the printers this afternoon."

Miss Simpson took the drawings and departed. In the studio she plonked the drawings down on Jeremy Gardener's desk. Jeremy was a nice, clever young man, a director of the firm. He had married Beatrice's sister, Lois, the minute she had set foot in Dayne's as a junior artist. He was at the moment engaged with his chief assistant in making small paper ships. Work had obviously been suspended in the studio.

"Hullo, Simpky." He looked up critically. "What's that you've put down? It couldn't be work?"

"It is." She repeated Beatrice's message with distaste. "I don't really think there's any rush for it at all, but that female dragon doesn't think anything of Christmas. She didn't even say she hoped I'd be happy. Oh ——" she broke off in alarm. "I'm sorry . . . I forgot she was a relation of yours . . ."

"As it's Christmas I won't have you executed." His pleasant face was suddenly thoughtful. "That's the worst of chasing perfection—the poet's dream of the unattainable. You wouldn't know anything about that, Simpky." He gave her a fatherly pat and told her to leave the work. As she left he reached for the phone and asked for a number.

"Lois?" he asked presently. A confusion of noise burst over the telephone from Thatchend. He answered patiently.

"Yes, I've got the turkey. No, I haven't forgotten the crackers. I say, my adored one, get rid of that brood for the love of Mike . . ." There was a crackling command, and a momentary silence.

"Look, ring Bea again, dear, and try to get her down. You know why? Yes, brittle as glass and snapping everyone's head off. All right; 'bye, my love."

Five minutes later the telephone rang in Beatrice's office. She took off the receiver and her taut face relaxed; she adored her elder sister.

"Look, Lois, darling," she replied, "can I leave it open? Well, I'm not sure. I've a lot to do here. Oh, I don't know . . . dig in at the flat and relax, I expect. Oh, mending, and wash my hair, and catch up with some reading. . . . Well, if I change my mind I'll ring you. Good-bye, chicken."

She put the receiver down and discovered with a sort of horror that her hands were shaking. Jim should be back.

Would he want to see her to-night? What would it be? Dinner? A cinema? A show? Had he bought her anything? Why should he? She had bought two presents for him—a cigarette lighter, very neat and expensive . . . the obvious present. The other, the small leather-bound copy of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese." She would not give him that.

Her pale face was suddenly hot with color. "I love thee to the depth and breadth and height my soul can reach." She would never give him that unless . . .

She heard his voice in the outer office, heard his door bang, and the buzzer went over her desk. She picked up her notebook, glanced at her reflection, finding no reassurance in the tall, slender, iris-like beauty, and went in. She put her letters down, and he began mechanically to go through them and sign them. He talked to her absently.

Please turn to page 4

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a Halo of Beauty

. . . as soft as butterflies' wings . . .
enchanting hues with spring blossom fragrance.

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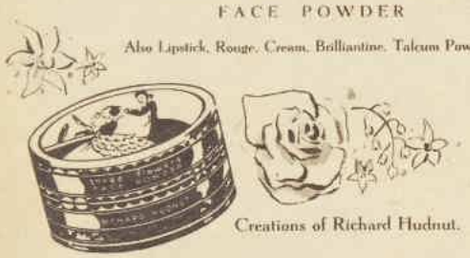

Creations of Richard Hudnut.

BUTCH

"Your fiancee must be very amiable. I see her pitcher very often in apartments around town."

All Too Perfect

Continued from page 3

WITHOUT looking up, Jim said: "I got the MacMillan contract. Can't stand MacMillan. He's got a soul like a streamlined motor-car. I bet his home is like that . . . all plastics and chrome. Is that everything, Bea?"

"Yes."

He rose and yawned. "Then we're all cleared up for Christmas."

She stood poised, smiling, waiting, almost sick with the strain of keeping the agonised longing out of her eyes. She had a sudden unaccountable vision of Thatchend with its tumble of shouting children, its books and untidiness, and the tolerant, humorous graciousness of it . . . overflowing with love and laughter. She suddenly wanted to put her head down on her sister's lap and howl.

"You going away?" Jim asked.

"No, I don't think so."

"Not to Thatchend?"

"No . . . They'll be up to their eyes. Christmas is such a burden to parents . . . I didn't think I'd add to it. I'll be at home."

"Oh," he hesitated. "Then how about a drink to-night and a spot of dinner? Can you make it?"

The wave of panic swept away, but her eyes were calm.

"Why, yes . . . yes, I could. That would be lovely."

"At Cosimo's, then? About seven? See you then, Bea. I've got a bit of Christmas shopping to do now. 'Bye."

He hunched into his coat, crammed his hat down on to his unruly bronze hair, and was gone. Beatrice sat down in his chair, visibly shaking, her mind already adding up the minutes until she should see him again.

Two hours later, she sat in front of her mirror polishing back her hair so that it looked like a smooth satin cap beneath her black off-the-face hat.

She opened the top drawer and looked at the little brown book and the smooth jeweller's case lying together inside. She picked up the cigarette lighter slowly . . . streamlined? "MacMillan has a soul like a streamlined car." She put it quickly into her bag . . .

At Cosimo's, Jim rose to greet her, not smiling, still a little tired, a little distant—like a man worrying about something he could not explain.

"Hullo, Bea. What will you have? Two more martinis, Pierre. Well, how's the Christmas spirit?"

She laughed. "It isn't. But I've gone so far as to buy you a present."

"A present, Bea?" he asked eagerly. "It's years since anyone gave me a present."

She opened the bag and put the lighter on the table. Her nerves were singing with anxiety. Would he like it? He opened the case and looked at the smooth, neat little piece of mechanism, took it out, flicked it with his thumb. It lit. The light of expectancy went out of his eyes.

"Wonderful," he said flatly. "Thanks a lot."

She saw suddenly, with distress and despair, that she had given him the sort of thing his life was filled with: smooth, smart, and expensive. She knew then that he had been longing for something else, something different . . .

"It's lovely, Bea—exactly what I wanted," he said conventionally, "and I've bought this for you."

It was a compact—a partner to the lighter. Cream and gold, smoothly fitting, beautifully expensive.

The two objects lay side by side on the table, expensive, conventional and correct, like the two people who had given and accepted them. Her heart was bleeding inside her as she made the proper thanks and replies.

They were specially careful about ordering their food, avoiding the more obvious Christmasy fare. Eventually the words which Beatrice suspected they had both been trying to avoid came bumping to the surface like pieces of unwanted jetsam.

"So—you're staying in town for Christmas?"

Something inside her sank with sheer apprehension. To tell him that really she was staying so that she would be there if he cared to call her, but not to tell him . . . not to make him think it mattered terribly.

She took a rose out of a vase, broke the stem and fastened it into the lapel of her jacket, her face, a delicate ivory mask, bending above it. She glanced up, meeting and avoiding his eyes.

"Yes, I never really get a minute to myself. I'll stay in bed late and catch up with some reading . . . I may go out to dinner, I haven't decided . . ." She paused, then plunged, "Why don't you come round? You've never seen my place . . ."

He looked up quickly. "Thank you I don't think I can . . . I've decided to go out of town to-morrow." She felt the color sting to her face, felt her flesh creep at the rebuff.

"Unless you live in London and have your home and family here, it's like a desert over Christmas." He paused again, ruffling his hands through his unruly hair.

Beatrice put down her glass carefully, and put her hands beneath the table so that he could not see them shaking. It was pretty obvious, and pretty final. He did not want to see her over Christmas.

She was merely part of this smart, amusing London that went with his business life . . . no use for holidays, no use when you wanted affection, happiness, joy . . . all the things that make Christmas and home. He did not want to come to the flat. He did not want to see her. She glanced at her watch.

"Heavens, it's nine-thirty. Jim, I must go . . ."

"But it's early yet; aren't we going to dance?"

Please turn to page 10

Do you Bemax your
Breakfast?

You and your family can add greatly to the nutritional value of your breakfast by sprinkling your food with Bemax.

When you Bemax your breakfast you add to it vitamins and minerals that build up and fortify the system against winter ailments and assist the correction of digestive troubles.

Bemax contains B, and other B vitamins. It also contains iron and phosphorus. It is so rich in these protective and health-giving elements that no one can fail to benefit by its use.

If you are in business, Bemax will help you to get a grip of your work without mental tiredness or fatigue. If the household is your sphere, the energising elements that make Bemax so valuable will keep you going throughout the day. The children, too, will benefit by the Bemax vitamins.

Recorded tests have shown increased growth and development where Bemax has formed part of the daily dietary.

Bemax is a natural tonic. It simply puts back into your food the vigour which "refining" has in many cases removed.

Start to Bemax your breakfast tomorrow. Buy a tin from your chemist or stores.

BEMAX

A NATURAL VITAMIN SUPPLEMENT

Distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., 36-40 Chalmers Street, Sydney.

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By CLARE ROBIN

I STILL think that it was a perfectly priceless idea. The trouble was that it didn't quite work out, and ended by costing ten times what I'd planned, and then some.

You see, Maud got ideas during the war. I made a lot of money, and she joined the Red Cross, and went to receptions, and had lonely lads for week-ends.

Our daughter Vivienne—the name was my wife's idea. She said that the name of "Maud" had cast a blight over her young life—well, Vivienne went to an expensive boarding school, and that was that. She was well looked after, and my wife had a good time.

But I meant to tell you about Christmas. She planned a party with me—me!—dressed as Santa Claus with wads of cotton-wool and a hired suit.

Before she went out one night the conversation went like this:

"John, it's nearly Christmas."

"Good heavens, not again?"

"Don't be flippant, dear. This year we must make it really outstanding."

"Like what?"

"I trusted you'd have some constructive ideas. Think it out tonight, and we'll discuss it in the morning."

Well, I was left with my pipe and paper, thinking how nice it would be to have Viv home from school for good. She's a lovely kid, as her latest portrait shows. I blew it a kiss, and settled down with the financial page.

Then Dick Stanes blew in. Dick was one of the lonely lads during the war. A good lad, with a station at the back of the back of somewhere.

He'd come to town to take possession of a helicopter, just the thing for getting around quickly out there, as the roads are no good for cars, he said.

A helicopter? My mind began to work. I'd been toying with the idea of a sleigh with ponies with antlers stuck on their heads, to deliver the Christmas gifts. But here was something better.

Nothing like being up to date. After all, sleighs were slightly out of the picture when there wasn't any snow around. But a helicopter—free as a bird, in the great open spaces and so on. My mind worked fast and furious.

Well, Dick demurred. A good stunt, but he meant to be back on the farm.

I used all the persuasion I could muster. What goes with a young chap who's more interested in milk yield and turnips to the acre than in wine, women, and song?

Then I noticed him eyeing Viv's portrait.

"Seen young Viv lately?" I asked casually.

"Your kid with pigtails?"

"She's grown out of pigtails. That's her," I said, passing him the photograph.

"Looks a lot different from when I saw her last," he said, staring at Viv's flowing modern hair-do. "Kids seem to have grown up quickly in the war years. Nothing of the young brat look about her now."

"Not a bit," I replied as he handed me back the photograph. "She's a looker all right. Wonderful company. Going to make all the difference having her home for Christmas."

After that it was easy.

Dick accepted an invitation for a week at Christmas without a thought as to who'd keep the cows company and hoe the turnips.

Which just goes to show.

ALL the best and brightest social lights in their best and brightest frocks came to the party.

At ten to twelve Maud dragged me from the den, where I was sharing a bottle of whisky and financial views with old Josiah, who made about ten times what I did by helping the troops out with supplies.

I touched Dick on the arm. Viv was looking lovely and pouted a bit. Finally, we let her come, too. We piled into the car, and went out to where the heli—called Mary of Dundee after a prize cow—was safely bedded down.

Viv was wild with delight.

I'd refused to tell Maud our plans, except that the guests should be assembled in the hall, which has a wide, old-fashioned fireplace, after the manner of Adam, or somebody or other who was famous for fireplaces, where it was really cold.

Well, Maud argued, as I donned a bit of a Santa Claus rig-out. But it was take it or leave it, as I'd learned in business. She thought we were coming in at the door.

Viv looked at the long canvas sausage full of gifts. They'd set me back more than a bit, but I'd set my heart on being a super-super Santa Claus.

"File out the front door and round to the back lawn," Dick said to the guests.

We'd weighted it with lead and tied a long rope to it, so that it would go down easily.

First we tootled and whooped, rising and falling above the front lawn. Then, when everyone was shouting with excitement, we went up over the roof.

We'd arranged with old Josiah, when the gifts arrived, to announce that Father Christmas was delayed a few minutes. That was to give us time to get the 'copter down on the big back lawn and reach the hall.

Viv was squealing with delight at the clever way Dick held the machine exactly over the chimney. Luckily, I'd thought to have the chimney pot removed one day when Maud was out.

We grinned at each other as excited shrieks rose like the blast of a siren through the chimney. Woosh! The sausage was away. We heard it bump.

The shrieking was still going on when we reached the hall. But somehow it didn't sound much like merriment.

When we opened the door we doubled up. Soot! I'd never given it a thought! Eyes rolled wildly in black faces. Black hands beat the air. All the sequins and gewgaws the women wore had lost their glitter.

"John!" Maud screamed.

Mrs. Josiah had been next to the fireplace, and she's the most important dame in town.

"Hold it!" Dick yelled. He was a W.O.1 in the war, and could yell!

"File out the front door and round to the back lawn," he ordered. "Hold your hands away from your clothes."

Viv and I were still leaning against each other, tied in knots with laughter. But Dick! He could have won a battle single-handed, judging by the way he got those women and men out.

Next minute he'd got the vacuum-cleaner out on a long lead, and was going over them the way you clean a carpet. It worked fine.

Then they all stampeded to the bathrooms, and the cream hall and stair carpets were splotchy and grey. Everyone was screaming with laughter over what the others looked like. Luckily, they couldn't see themselves.

Dick was a hero.

Of course, we insisted on footing the cleaning bills. That, and redecorating the house . . . If only money would stick the way that soot did. Well, that set me back the price of the new car I wanted for Viv—and Maud ribbed me unendingly.

But I pointed out that efficient housekeepers keep their chimneys swept, and wouldn't listen when she said that chimney-sweeps were as scarce as my commonsense.

It was an expensive party, but, oh, boy! Was it fun after that?

Do you know what struck me?

After the first one or two had had their hair sets spoiled, the women and some of the men insisted on spreading their fingers over their scalps while they were being vacuumed. Chignons, Viv said. A funny word. They didn't want their chignons to choke the suction.

I'd never thought of that before. My hair's going thin on top. It's an idea.

As for the car I'd meant for Viv. Well, what's the use of a car when there are no roads? Dick's helicopter holds two nicely, and Dick's no end bucked with his future father-in-law.

He thinks he's a man of ideas.

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WRONG NUMBER PLEASE

Christmas, cross purposes, and crossed lines had Susan's head in a whirl.

By . . .
DOROTHY STALEY

SUSAN NORMAN dropped to her knees beside the sofa and said, "You beautiful, precious thing," to a very ordinary telephone, which, of course, did not make sense at all.

If you had asked her, Susan would have told you that she was not at all emotional. But, then, three months ago she would have told you that she was not easily frightened, and never, never lonely.

Or if you had asked Mr. Dipple, her employer, he would have said, in his usual short, crisp sentences: "Susan? You mean Susan. Old head on young shoulders. Extremely capable for twenty-two."

Then he would have explained that Harco—the big harvester, tractor, and general farm machinery company—had brought her from one of their small country agencies to Melbourne for that reason.

And if you had found some particular young man to ask, he would have said, "Pretty nice," meaning Susan's hair and wide-spaced, steady eyes, the oval face with its firm chin and its wide, generous mouth, and the trim, lithe figure that went with them.

But there wasn't any particular young man, and because Susan was never frightened, or lonely, or emotional, there was no reason for her to drop to her knees as soon as the workman left, and croon to a very ordinary telephone; for, after all, it would never ring with that special ring that sets a girl's heart racing.

In fact, it would probably never ring at all unless Mr. Dipple rang some night about work.

For Susan had been in Melbourne only two months, and except for Mr. and Mrs. Dipple, who had taken her to dinner twice—at a monthly interval, like a duty to be discharged—and a washroom acquaintance with the girl in the next office, with whom she had gone twice to the pictures, she had only the briefest speaking acquaintance with the newsboy, the grocer at the corner, and the cashier in the cafeteria where she had her lunch.

And, of course, Mrs. Bishop, who had the first-floor-rear flat; and she wished often that she hadn't, in country town fashion, spoken to Mrs. Bishop.

For as soon as Mrs. Bishop was past the "Good-morning-lovely-day-isn't-it" stage, she had said: "Look, Miss Norman. I don't want to frighten you, but a big city isn't like a little country town. You never know what's going to happen. Now, when you live alone as you do, it really isn't safe to put 'Susan Norman' on your letter-box. Change it to 'S. Norman,' and then no one knows whether a man or a woman lives here—see? Now, a woman two houses down came home one evening——"

So Susan changed the name on her letter-box.

She purchased a night chain for her door when Mrs. Bishop said, "A first-floor flat's all right, but you just never know who's stepping in the hall. Now, one night——"

But when Mrs. Bishop had suggested a telephone, Susan had said, "Good heavens, what will I do with a telephone? There is no one for me to ring up, and no one to ring me."

"Well," Mrs. Bishop said, "it's best. If you should get sick in the night, or if something should happen. You never know what is going to happen."

Then Mrs. Bishop had added in a brighter tone, happy because she had found a thought she hadn't worried about before, "or if something should happen at home, they could reach you."

So Susan asked for a telephone, and its arrival after only a six-weeks' wait seemed the last in a chain of miracles.

The first and best of the miracles had been the request of Harco that she come down to their Melbourne office, with the addition of the magic words, "And we can get you a flat."

Then there had been the fun and excitement of furnishing the flat—not that there was much to furnish, for it had only two rooms, a kitchenette, and bathroom—and exploring the city, its picture shows and department stores.

She had not been lonely at all until one Saturday morning a week before, when she had made the mistake of wandering through an arcade, past a restaurant called the Eagle, which seemed to be a favorite rendezvous for nice young men and attractive young women.

Everywhere about the city there were exciting symptoms of approaching Christmas in the air — cards, decorations, gift suggestions in all the shops. The air of festivity made Susan feel suddenly out of things, and the sight of the young couples completed the feeling.

They met at the feet of a very large bird, standing outside the restaurant, and symbolic of its name, and Susan, watching them, had found herself wishing with all her heart that there was someone to say, "Meet me at the Eagle."

Mrs. Bishop might say you never know what would happen, but Susan felt that she did. She was one of those women doomed to walk alone.

Through a week of eating alone, going to the pictures alone, shopping alone, she had talked severely to herself. Now Susan, stop it, she would say. But no matter how she scolded herself, she spent a difficult week feeling wistful and very lonely.

So that on this Saturday morning, she greeted the telephone man effusively, for he was someone to talk to for a short time.

And perhaps, just perhaps, someone would telephone her—even though it would only be Mrs. Dipple. But she might say, "My nephew is in town. He's twenty-five, and looks a little like Alan Ladd. Will you have lunch with him? He'll meet you at the Eagle."

So when the installation man had finished and gone, Susan hugged the phone to her. Maybe something would happen. And at that moment it rang, shrilly, imperatively, and she almost dropped it.

She managed to squeak a weak "Hello" into the mouthpiece, and a man's voice, sounding much amused, said: "Well! Hello! Randy certainly works fast."

"Yes, he does," Susan said. "He's just gone."

"Gone?" asked the voice. "Where?"

"I wouldn't know," Susan answered. "To install another telephone, I suppose."

This time the amused voice burst into laughter, and Susan said: "What's so funny about that?"

"So that's how Randy does it. I often wondered about his technique."

The conversation was making less and less sense to Susan, and she mustered up some dignity and said, "I am—am rather surprised at the telephone people—"

"Telephone people?" said the voice. "I want Randy McNeal."

Susan said "Oh," rather flatly. "I'm afraid you have the wrong number."

"It doesn't sound like the wrong number to me," said the voice, whereupon Susan hung up the phone.

She was instantly sorry. After all, it had been someone to talk to; but when the phone rang a second time and it was the same voice, she was annoyed.

"This is the wrong number," she said. "Will you please consult the telephone book? This"—she looked hastily at the telephone, and quoted the number on it.

"And that," said the voice, "is Randy McNeal's number."

"And that," said Susan, "is not Randy McNeal's number. That is my number."

By midday she was not so certain about it.

She had had to stop the chores that are synonymous with Saturday morning and working girl to explain (a) to Mr. Barraclone, the tailor, that she could not tell him when Mr. McNeal would want his new tweeds fitted; (b) to the president of some University Club that she did not know whether Mr. McNeal was coming to the dinner on the twenty-eighth; (c) to the professional at Hidden Hollow Golf Club that she could not tell him what to do with Mr. McNeal's irons; (d) to several unidentified voices that she did not know whether Mr. McNeal would want to play handball on Monday, squash on Thursday, and tennis on Saturday.

They were all polite at first, then insistent, then incredulous, then argumentative.

Susan said wearily to the Hidden Hollow Golf Club: "You have the wrong number."

"Oh, no," said the professional. "That's Mr. McNeal's number. He's lived there for years, and he wrote me to telephone him about his clubs."

"Well," said Susan, "he doesn't live here any more," and, banging down the phone, she went to see Mrs. Bishop. "Who," she demanded, "is Randy McNeal who lived here?"

Mrs. Bishop shook her head. "There's never been anyone in the building by that name, and I've been here seven years."

"Well," said Susan, "I've just got my telephone, and everyone is asking for Mr. McNeal."

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Bishop, shaking her head. "That's bad. Now sometimes burglars telephone to see who's home. What now!"

What now, indeed? thought Susan, back in her own flat; and after four more calls, all feminine, apparently purely social, since they accepted Susan's "Wrong number" docilely, and one who argued in a strident voice, "Mr. McNeal said I was to ring to-day for certain and see if I was to start cleanin' next week," she grabbed her coat and left the flat.

Someone undoubtedly was playing a joke on someone, but the only one the joke seemed to be on was she—and who would play it?

She walked up the street aimlessly. She had nowhere to go, and if she could think of somewhere, there was no one with whom to go. When she saw a beauty parlor she was relieved. There was one place a woman could always spend hours and not be alone.

Please turn to page 23

She found herself day-dreaming over those phone calls—and Randy McNeal.

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A Thousand

Stealing the limelight, tragedy took the starring role . . . dramatic new Australian serial

By A. E. MARTIN

THE thought flashed through Egan Crane's mind. This would be a day to remember; a day, indeed, difficult to forget. His first day in a new country, in a strange city so surprisingly different from anything he had expected.

Then his eyes focused on the thing sprawled on the stage in front of him, face down, one arm flung outward so that the palm rested in the heated well of the footlights.

Crane sensed the uneasy stirring of the audience, and knew instinctively that it was wondering whether it was being fooled. At the rear of the stalls a girl giggled hysterically.

The actor was vaguely aware that some patrons nearer the stage had risen to their feet and were craning their necks over the orchestra pit; then he heard a stifled cry and saw Flaxman, the mesmerist, fall upon his knees beside the body.

The feeling came that his position was being usurped. He, Egan Crane, should hold the centre of the stage, not this mountebank. Now that the tinsel of vaudeville had been swept aside by tragedy, stark and terrible, his should be the starring role.

He possessed the calm dignity, the rich experience, the right dramatic approach. He longed to stand over the body and make an oration:

"Here is murder!
Murder most foul!"

He would hold the emotions of a thousand and more souls captive in his eloquence, then point imperiously and cry, "Ring down! Ring down! Cover the dead," and stand with bowed head and stricken shoulders staring at the corpse until the kindly curtain shut from view all the shuddering souls and a policeman came along to find out what it was all about.

Then he would have liked to rush round to the front of the theatre, and, in the vestibule listen to what they were saying about him.

But here he was, gaping like the greenest super, mutely watching a charlatan steal his thunder, listening to Flaxman on his knees crying: "How did it happen?" Later, Egan Crane was to remember that Flaxman had taken it for granted, as he had, that the man lying on the stage was dead.

To his left two of Flaxman's "committee" had risen from their seats and were standing, goggle-eyed, incapable of action, waiting for someone to do something. Beyond them was the row of Austrian chairs, and, seated on each, one of the mesmerist's "subjects."

All these had magically awakened from their hypnotic dreams, and now their unintelligent eyes were fixed with a sort of animal curiosity on the prostrate figure.

No, not all of them, Egan Crane remembered later.

The two at the extreme right of the line on the prompt side remained immobile, the large head of the skinny one sunk grotesquely upon his shoulders, a veritable scarecrow of a man, while the other sat bolt upright, gazing steadfastly and unblinkingly towards the dress circle, his whole body rigid, one lank lock of untidy hair falling over his forehead; long, thin, black-gloved hands hanging limply at his sides.

Off stage, surprisingly all seemed silent. Crane looked vaguely in the direction of the wings, expecting some of the stage hands to emerge, but none came. A man in the front row of the stalls called anxiously across the footlights, "Is anything wrong?" No one answered him.

Flaxman raised his head and looked down, but his eyes were uncomprehending. He began to get slowly to his feet, mechanically dusting his knees.

Then a plump man in a dinner-suit, hurried from the auditorium, calling agitatedly from the stage-box, "Ring down, ring down! Are you all mad?"

In a moment he had passed out of sight, and running up a little stairway had gained the stage.

Crane recognised the manager, and saw him in the wings, looking about him distractedly, perspiring, calling loudly: "Aleck! Aleck!" and then, giving Egan Crane a little shock, "Bunce."

There was no immediate response, and he began to busy himself, fumbling inexpertly with unaccustomed fingers to find the way to lower the curtain, shouting over his shoulder meanwhile: "Where's the conductor? Courtenay! Play something, can't you?"

But the conductor, Crane remembered, had followed his players some time ago and disappeared beneath the stage soon after the commencement of Flaxman's act. A man in a grey suit was hurrying down the side aisle of the stalls. Then the curtain whirred down, shutting the audience from view.

The manager bent down, peering at the sprawled figure.

"Flaxman! Who is it?" He looked up over his shoulder at the mesmerist.

Flaxman said slowly, talking like one of his subjects: "I don't know."

The manager put out a hand. "Let's have a look at him." He made a move as if to turn the body, but paused at the sound of a voice.

"Not yet, please."

The man who had come hurrying down from the stalls stepped from the wings. He was clean shaved, almost good-looking, and greying at the temples, as one noted when he dropped his felt hat on the floor, and, squatting easily on his haunches, made a quick examination of the body.

Without rising, he let his eyes wander. They were distractingly blue eyes. They wouldn't photograph well. They were of a blue that would break a cameraman's heart. Maybe the heart of his daughter, too, or his wife. They dwelt speculatively on Egan Crane, then turned to the manager at his side. He said something under his breath, and the manager hurried off.

Almost immediately Crane heard him making the time-honored query, "Is there a doctor in the house?" He felt he could have invested the line with more feeling. Speaking with suppressed emotion he could have heightened, and, at the same time, controlled the curiosity of the audience.

The eyes of the man in the grey suit had passed on to Flaxman's two committeemen and so to the mesmerist and his subjects.

He was thinking: Why, in heck, if something like this was to happen, didn't I take it into my head to drift into the theatre earlier instead of turning up just in time to hear the manager's impassioned cry for someone to ring down the curtain?

At length, he said with authority: "For a brief time, please, you must all stay as nearly as possible in the same positions as you are at present," then rose easily to his feet and walked slowly towards the two motionless men at the end of the row of chairs.

He regarded them curiously and passed his hand before the eyes of the one who stared upward into space. He gripped the shoulder of the skinny sleeper and found the body rigid. His blue eyes turned slowly and inquiringly to the mesmerist.

Flaxman, normally, was a big, active man. Now his arms drooped. The evening dress suit which he believed set off his figure so well seemed to hang shapelessly from his shoulders. He said heavily, "I suppose you are the police?"

The man in grey nodded. "Inspector Gormley."

Flaxman, with a slight motion of his hand, indicated the two men at the end of the row. "Shall I wake them?"

Gormley said easily: "There's no hurry." He walked towards Flaxman. "Just where were you standing when this happened?" he asked.

The mesmerist said slowly: "About here." He indicated a spot centre stage, a foot or so in front of the

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Looked On

seats set for his subjects. He added quickly: "But I didn't see it happen. I had my back——"

"Later," Gormley said, abruptly. He turned to Egan Crane. "Let me have that chair behind you."

Crane turned, and, picking up the chair he had been sitting upon when the thing happened, passed it to the detective.

"If I can be of any assistance," he began. "My name is Crane—Egan Crane. I——"

"We'll hear from you later," Gormley said. He smiled as he spoke, but Egan Crane knew he had been snubbed, and again he felt the indignity of a principal relegated to a minor and meaningless role.

Gormley placed the chair upside down on the spot indicated by Flaxman, its back towards the footlights. The manager returned, followed by a florid man in spectacles, puffing a little, slightly surprised to find himself on the wrong side of the footlights. He announced himself: "Dr. Carrick."

He knelt by the body while those on the stage watched, fascinated.

Gormley stood, one hand in pocket, biting the thumb of the other, looking down at the bald spot on the doctor's head, waiting. From the other side of the curtain came a confused murmuring, growing slightly in volume till, abruptly, the orchestra started up, playing not very well, and rather as if some of the players had not returned, or the musicians' minds were not on their music.

Figures appeared in the wings opposite Crane. The stage hands had returned. Crane started as a hand touched his arm. A woman dressed as a page with military coat, boy's knickers, and long black silk stockings, said agitatedly: "Is he dead? Oh, let me see."

She was pressing forward when the detective stopped biting his thumb at the sound of the voice, and looked over his shoulder in her direction.

"No one else on the stage. Keep back," he called sharply.

At that moment two constables pushed through the throng.

"Dolan," Gormley said to one, "nobody back of the curtain is to leave the theatre. Understand? Ring H.Q. from the stage door."

"O.K." The constable jostled the men in the wings, gave a quick, appreciative glance at the legs of the woman dressed as a page and disappeared.

The doctor rose from his examination. Gormley said: "Dead, of course?"

"Oh, he's dead enough," Carrick agreed. "What the devil happened?" He brushed his hands lightly together, looking at the back of the man sprawled on the stage. He turned to Gormley.

"You'll have your own man, I suppose. Nothing I can do." He seemed anxious to be gone. He looked at his watch. "Just putting in time here. Expecting a ring. Confinement."

Gormley nodded, sympathetically: "I understand. Mind standing by till our chap arrives?"

"Of course."

Gormley spoke to the constable at his elbow.

"The manager here will be making an announcement soon," he said. "Nip into the stalls and get the names of the people sitting close up—as many as possible, anyway. You'll have help soon. And there were some people in the box." He nodded at the box behind Egan Crane. "Maybe someone will volunteer something. We can't very well detain the whole audience."

Flaxman, the mesmerist, said suddenly: "Can I sit down? I feel a little sick."

Gormley regarded him curiously. He nodded. "Sit on the chair behind you." He turned to the manager. "There'll be no more show to-night, Randle."

The manager swore under his breath. "That means their money back."

Egan Crane thought he might offer a suggestion. If someone of authority, of distinction, put it to the audience in the right way, the management might be saved a great deal of money. He stepped forward.

"If I might offer——" he began, but Gormley stared at him grimly.

"Please return to your former position," he said sharply.

The manager growled: "After they've seen more'n half the show, too!"

The detective patted him on the arm. "You should worry," he said, "think of the houses you'll draw next week—unless——"

The manager, who had brightened visibly at Gormley's hint at the possible effects of publicity, paled again.

"Unless, what?" he faltered.

The detective's mouth opened slightly. His tongue caressed the inside of his cheek. His eyes assumed a faintly quizzical expression as they roamed from face to face.

Egan Crane was annoyed to find himself uncomfortable, the two local members of the committee shuffled uneasily, the subjects clustered about the mesmerist, avoided the detective's gaze. Only the skinny sleeper and his staring companion at the end of the row remained unperturbed by the scrutiny.

Please turn to page 23

The Australian Women's Weekly, December 27, 1947 Page 9

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TOOTAL FABRICS

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"Can't I just make up the penny deficit myself?"

All Too Perfect

Continued from page 4

BEA made the usual excuses. She was tired. She was going out to-morrow and had to see about a frock.

If she stayed with him a moment longer she would burst into tears from sheer failure and defeat.

Inside the taxi on the way back to her flat, Beatrice collapsed against the shiny leather upholstery, feeling as though she had been wrung out. Too tired even to cry.

Well, it was her own fault. She had tried too hard to please him. She would get another job. The tears were choking her throat, welling up into her eyes. The taxi drew up outside her flat and she paid the man and ran upstairs.

She opened the door and switched on the lights. The rosy, glowing room smiled emptily back at her. Tears streaming down her face, she picked up the telephone. Presently Lois' voice answered sleepily.

"Is anything wrong, dear?"

"No," said Beatrice shakily, "nothing. I just wanted to say I'll come down after all. To-morrow. Good-night, Lois."

"Good-night, darling . . ."

"What is it?" asked Jeremy. "Burglars?"

"No, Bea . . . she's coming for Christmas, after all."

"That's awkward," Jeremy said. "I told Jim most definitely that she wasn't coming for Christmas. He may come!"

"Oh, don't fuss!" said Lois. "Some people take ages to find out that they're in love. You're one of the lucky ones, sweetheart."

In an old tweed suit, Beatrice put her case, the crackers, the sweets, the parcels for the children—there were four children—the parcels for Jeremy and Lois, and herself into the crowded train.

At Mileroad station she transferred herself and her parcels into a bus, and as the bus drew up at the crossroads she descended and three small figures leapt on her with whoops of delight.

Dilly, Brian, and Mops. Dilly was ten and beautiful; Brian was eight and ginger; Mops was seven and serious. Down the road a red spot crept up the hill towards them with hopeful persistence, tugged by a shrieking fox-terrier. It was little Berry.

She ran to meet him, hugged his little round body, rounder than ever with his winter coat, scarf, and red wool helmet, and had him hitched up on her back for the walk home.

An old white horse looked over a gate and sneezed at them. Ahead they saw the church tower, the first cottages, the millstream. Her cheeks hot, her hair untidy, Beatrice trudged on, the pain and the tense tightness of tears beginning to collapse into a sense of well-being and warmth.

Round the corner, and there was the big cedar tree and Thatchend behind. They thrust the oak door open and trooped in, putting down parcels, all talking at once.

Jeremy was on top of a ladder, arranging evergreens artistically about the old black beams. He took the nails out of his mouth and said easily, "Hullo, Bea. This is good. I'm glad you decided to come. You look wonderful."

Catching sight of herself in the old gilt-framed mirror on the wall, Bea sniffed disbelievingly. She sat Berry on the table.

She stood quite still for a moment, absorbing the happy atmosphere of her sister's home at Christmas time.

The big fire blazed with logs. The big, low-ceilinged room was bright and untidy, well-fed and well-loved. The fox terrier, Bess, worried a scarlet candle on a low branch of the Christmas tree. No one took any notice.

Bea sighed, glimpsing her reflection in the mirror again. The feeling of relaxation and well being was perfect. It was living. If only . . . if only Jim had been here. She had tried so hard to be his sort of person . . . tried until it hurt. But her roots were here.

Lois came in, plump, amber-eyed, white-skinned, and they threw arms round each other.

"Darling," said Lois, "how lovely. I'm so glad . . ." She sniffed the air suspiciously. "Heavens, my pies . . . excuse me . . ."

The children were in bed, and quiet at last. Stockings and pillow-cases had been hung up. Dinner had been eaten and cleared, and the three grown-ups lounged before the blazing fire; coffee, strong and fragrant, on the small table; newly baked mince pies on a plate; three glasses of rum beside them.

On the rug, her head on Lois' knee, Beatrice asked lazily: "Jeremy, why didn't you marry me, before you met Lois?"

Jeremy preened. "Well, actually, darling . . ." he began.

"Stuff," said Lois. "She only means she'd like to discard nail polish, and put on a pound or two without anyone screaming. You don't take an awful lot of living up to, Jeremy."

Jeremy looked indignant, and Beatrice rose to her feet, finishing her drink. For a country housewife who hardly left her village, Lois was a deal too sharp. That was exactly what she had meant . . . how lovely to love a man like Jeremy who once his love was given would love you, fat or thin, untidy or squint-eyed.

"I'm going to bed," she said. "See you in the morning."

"You don't mind having Berry in with you?" asked Lois anxiously. "He hardly ever wakes. If he does and it's the water-rat, you have to kill it with the pop-gun."

"If it's the tiger," explained Jeremy, "you pull faces at it as it crosses the lawn. That frightens it away."

"If it's the snake, I'm afraid you have to come down and get Bess. But it's hardly ever the snake, and he hasn't wakened in the night for weeks."

"I'll remember," said Beatrice. "Good night . . ."

She had just gone upstairs when the telephone rang. Jeremy answered it.

"What? Oh, hullo, old man. Of course . . . how splendid . . ." He covered the mouthpiece and looked at his wife. "It's Jim."

"Don't tell him Bea is here," Lois hissed.

Please turn to page 13

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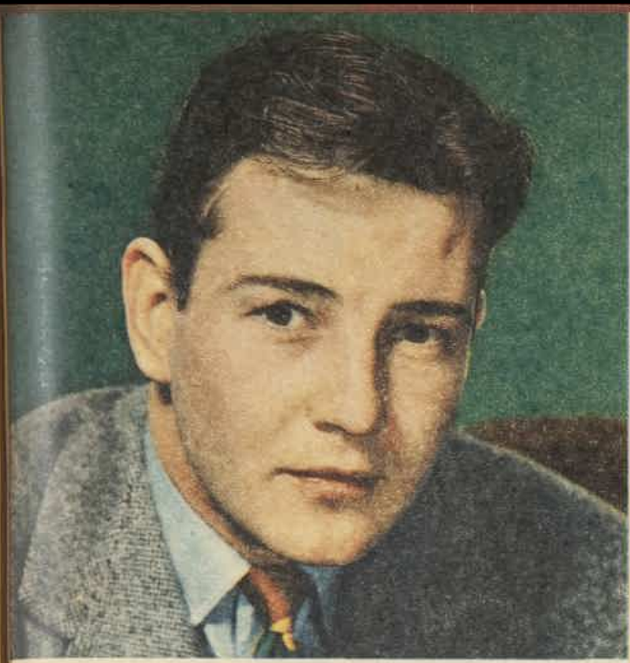

TOM DRAKE had much stage experience before beginning his film career under contract to MGM. Romantic roles in films have made him popular, and his next appearance will be with Lana Turner in "Cass Timberlane."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE has retired from the screen temporarily, to await the birth of her first child early in the new year. Her current film showing in Australia is the RKO gay comedy "The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer," in which she co-stars with Cary Grant and Myrna Loy. Before retiring she made "War Party" with her husband, John Agar.

LANA TURNER wears the new Joan of Arc hair-do. After completing "Green Dolphin Street" and "Cass Timberlane" for MGM, Lana took over a dramatic role opposite Clark Gable in "Homecoming." Her marriage to Tyrone Power is expected to take place soon.

ROBERT TAYLOR, who caused much excitement when he appeared as a witness in the Washington inquiry into communist activity, which he denounced. His next film will be "The High Wall," with Audrey Totter.

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All Too Perfect

Continued from page 10

JEREMY spoke away from the 'phone: "All right. Can he come—he's at Mileroad station. He says he'll catch the last train back if you can't stand the idea."

"Tell him yes, of course!" She gave a jig of conspiratorial delight, and began to pull extra blankets out of an old oak chest. Jeremy spoke into the telephone.

"All right. The last bus gone? I'll get the car out and pick you up . . . no, no, delighted . . . no trouble at all . . ." He banged down the receiver and finished his drink with a disgruntled air. "The things I do for England," he said morosely.

He finished Lois' drink, too, and went out into the cold, wet night to get the car. Lois, arms full of blankets, raced up the stairs to the small spare room next to the one in which Beatrice was sleeping.

. . . . . .

Jim opened the windows, turned off the light and got into bed. Like all the essentials at Thatchend, it was wonderfully comfortable. Now he would sleep. Lois and Jeremy were perfect. They understood without asking questions. You hadn't to live up to them. You could just be natural and happy.

Why was Beatrice so different? So detached, so perfect, looking like a mannequin, behaving like a well-oiled machine? He turned over and thumped his pillow irritably. He had been determined not to think of her over the holiday. She had no business to flit, smooth, slick, and amusing, through his mind, pushing all other thoughts away . . .

A long, low wail struck through the silent night. Jim sat up and switched on the bedlamp. In his neat one-roomed mansion flat Jim would have ignored it, but on many adventurous week-ends he had learned never to ignore a cry of alarm at Thatchend. The wail became panic-stricken. It was from the room next door.

"The water-rat. It's going to bite me. It's got horrid beady eyes. Oh, oh, oh . . . the water-rat . . ."

It was undoubtedly Berry. Jim struggled into his dressing-gown, opened the door into the next room and went in, just as Beatrice snapped on the light. She sat up, all purple and petunia pyjamas and streaming black hair. They stared at each other disbelievingly.

"The water-rat!" yelled Berry insistently.

"What the devil's the matter with him?"

"Night-scares," said Beatrice, getting out of her own bed and picking up Berry. "Now, let me see . . . the pop-gun. On the mantelpiece. You have to shoot the water-rat with the pop-gun."

Jim grabbed the pop-gun and knelt beside Berry.

"Where is he, Berry?"

"Coming out of his creepy hole by the door."

Jim took careful aim and fired.

"I say," said Beatrice admiringly. "Right between the eyes. That's the end of him, Berry."

Berry relaxed comfortably into her shoulder and sucked his thumb. Jim noticed that the shoulder, although a bit thinner, was every bit as wide, reassuring and motherly as Lois'.

Jim sat down on the other side of the bed. "I thought you were staying in town," Beatrice said severely.

"I was," said Jim, "until the last minute. Then I couldn't stand it any longer. I only wanted to stay because you were staying . . ."

"How can you say such a thing?" demanded Beatrice furiously. "I did everything a girl could do to tell you my time was all yours—without actually throwing myself at your head!"

"Did you?" said Jim, gazing at her dreamily.

Beatrice colored, slipped into Berry's bed, and pulled the covers up round her.

"You didn't leave me in much doubt that you were bored stiff with me, and I was the last person with whom you wanted to spend Christmas."

"I did not," protested Jim. "I only thought . . ."

"The tiger," yelled Berry. "It's coming down the lane. It's got out of its yellow cage. I can hear its paddy-paws coming thump-thump over the grass!"

"What do you do about the tiger?" asked Jim anxiously.

Beatrice racked her memory. "The tiger? You pull faces out the window at the tiger."

Jim rose, opened the curtains and pulled a hideous face at the empty moonlit lawn outside. Beatrice and Berry shrieked with laughter. Jim turned indignantly.

"Berry Gardener," he said accusingly, "I don't believe in your tigers. You do this to make unsuspecting grown-ups amuse you in the middle of the night." He paused and swung round to Beatrice. "Why did you come down here, anyway?"

Beatrice looked up under her lashes. Berry had his arms round her neck and her hair fell over her shoulders and over his blond, silky knob.

"I decided," Beatrice said clearly, "I was sick of trying to be the sort of girl you liked . . . the perfect secretary, the perfect glamor girl. I couldn't stand it any more. I wanted to see Lois and let my hair down . . ."

"Yes," said Jim softly, "and it's wonderful . . ." He reached out and touched it. "I wasn't bored, Bea . . . but that sort of life, the Cosimo and all that . . . always . . . it's deadly. It's all right occasionally, but when you want to settle down with someone forever, it's no good . . . and I was frantic because I thought it was the only kind of life you cared for . . ."

"Darling . . ." murmured Beatrice. "I want to be what you want me to be, but it's a relief to know you want me to be myself . . ." She put her lips up and Jim kissed her. Berry leaned back interested, much too interested to remember the snake. Jeremy opened the door and came in with Bess under his arm.

"I thought you might need——" He stopped and regarded them severely. "My wife's sister . . . and my best friend! Is this the behaviour of an honored guest, Jim?"

"Now, look here, Jeremy, don't be an idiot . . ."

"I take a poor view of it," Jeremy continued sternly. "I will hear your explanations in the morning—I've heard the sleepwalking one before, so don't try to swing that on me, otherwise," he struck an attitude, "I shall have to demand the satisfaction one gentleman owes another." He was obviously rather pleased with this.

Jim went back into his room and Beatrice went back into her own bed. Jeremy tucked Berry in and put Bess on the cover by his feet, winked at Beatrice, who was hiding her scarlet cheeks beneath the eiderdown, and went back to his room.

"Was it Berry?" Lois asked.

"Yes. . . . Jim was there, too."

Lois opened a sleepy eye. "Good," she murmured.

. . . . . .

Beatrice woke early. The room was filled with dressing-gowned children, piling presents on her bed and pulling crackers over her head. Berry was sitting up telling all and sundry he had killed two tigers in the night while Uncle Jim was kissing Auntie Bea.

She fled to the bathroom, scrambled into a tweed skirt and a red wool shirt, flicked her nose with powder, twisted her hair and skewered it on top. She took a small parcel out of her case and went downstairs.

The Christmas tree was not attacked until after dinner at Thatchend. She was fastening the little parcel to a low branch when Jim came in, a little hollow-eyed from lack of sleep, but brushed and shaven and handsome. She knelt on the floor looking up at him and he came straight over and knelt beside her. She was neither smooth nor elegant this morning, but she was very beautiful.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I'm putting your present on the tree . . . the one I didn't dare to give you at the Cosimo."

"Let me have it now," he reached across, took the little parcel and opened it. The small book came open at the marked page, "How do I love thee, let me count the ways . . ."

"Oh," he said incoherently, "Oh, Bea . . . and I had another present for you, too, that I didn't dare give you . . . May I give it to you now?"

It was a ring. A lovely old ring, a ruby set in diamonds. Not really expensive, but very beautiful. He said, "May I put it on?" He put it on the third finger of her left hand. He kissed her and all the bells of Christmas rang in their hearts.

Lois and Jeremy and all the children floated in on a delicious breakfast smell.

"Well," said Lois, "I'm awfully glad, Bea and Jim. I always knew you were meant for each other; that's why I unbolted the door between your rooms last night."

"Well . . .!" they exploded.

"It's a good thing you're making an honest woman of her," said Jeremy, "otherwise I'd have had to shoot you, and that would have been a nuisance on Christmas morning . . ."

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HAZEL

Be Lovelier Tonight!

Lana Turner
star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "GREEN DOLPHIN STREET"

"My Beauty Facials bring quick new loveliness"

It feels like smoothing beauty in when you cover your face with Lux Toilet Soap's creamy active-lather the way Lana Turner does. Work it well in, splash with warm water, then cold. This gentle beauty care will make *you* lovelier to-night! In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time.

THE BATH AND COMPLEXION CARE OF 9 OUT OF EVERY 10 FILM STARS

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BOURJOIS AGAIN PRESENTS

The celebrated "Evening in Paris" perfume. Soon, very soon now, you'll enjoy again this lovely fragrance. Your favourite chemist or store will have stocks shortly.

Soir de Paris
(EVENING IN PARIS)
PERFUME

In various sizes from 3/- to 37/6.

★ BOURJOIS ET CIE, LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK, SYDNEY ★

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Exciting prospect for 1948

1,000,000 CRISP, SNOWY SHEETS
3,000,000 MATCHING PILLOW CASES

The first Actil Products from this Great New Industry . . . The first Sheets and Pillow Cases to be Wholly produced in Australia

History is being made by ACTIL. In this vast textile plant at Woodville, South Australia, skilled Australian operatives with modern machinery will shortly be producing sheets and pillow cases from the raw cotton to the finished article — *for the first time in Australia.*

Raw cotton will be spun into yarn, woven into cloth, bleached, finished and made up into long-wearing, guaranteed quality ACTIL Products, soon to be distributed to your favourite stores throughout Australia. The planned yearly output is one million snow-white, fine texture sheets of various sizes and three million beautifully finished pillow cases . . . . an exciting prospect indeed for all whose linen cupboards have been sadly depleted in recent years.

Your favourite store is not yet able to supply these first ACTIL Products . . Guaranteed Quality Sheets and Pillow Cases. But remember the name, for the day is approaching when stocks of these ACTIL Products will be available.

ACTIL FACTS

- *Established in 1942, ACTIL has expanded to become a £1,500,000 textile plant—one of the most modern and complete in the world.*
- *1,400 skilled Australian operatives employed in pleasant, air-conditioned surroundings.*
- *Weekly output exceeds 400,000 miles of cotton yarns and 125,000 yards of ACTIL cotton fabrics.*

AN ACTIL PRODUCT

ACTIL PRODUCTS — A BRITISH-AUSTRALIAN INDUSTRY

Guaranteed Quality SHEETS & PILLOW CASES

WHOLLY PRODUCED IN AUSTRALIA

Actil's Vast New Textile Plant at Woodville, S.A.

AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED, ACTIL AVENUE, WOODVILLE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA

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Resort fashions from the U.S.A.

● A one-piece with an off-the-shoulder neckline and full-gathered ballet-length skirt. A perfect party dress for evenings by the seashore.

● Plaid cotton ballet-length resort dress. The sleeveless bodice top is worn with a separate cape stole; black cotton fringe edges cape, which can be worn over head.

● Rhumba blouse in red-and-white candy-striped cotton is worn (at right) with black linen pedal-pushers. Note new longer length of pedal-pushers.

● Hooded beach-coat (at left) is of grey-and-white seashell print cotton. The bonnet hood is styled to turn down and shade the face in the sun.

"The dentifrice I've always wanted!"

The *New* American Formula

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

SUPERCHARGED WITH LUSTER-FOAM

Look for the blue banded tube — it guarantees the new formula.

Pain, Swelling, Soreness Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE

SPRAIN
BRUISE
SORE MUSCLES
* * *
BOILS
* * *
CHEST COLD
SORE THROAT
BRONCHIAL IRITATION

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves pain . . . reduces swelling, limbers up stiff, aching muscles due to simple sprain, bruise or similar condition. Apply that ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable — then feel the *moist heat* go right to work on those sore, aching parts. Does good, feels good.

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves pain, soreness, and helps soften boils. It also relieves cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation, simple sore throat. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE at any chemist or store now.

fortuna cloth

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Have you tried Bourn-vita as a milk shake ?

Just stir two teaspoonfuls of crisp Bourn-vita granules into icy-cold milk—whisk briskly—add sugar if you like—and your Bourn-vita Milk Shake is ready. Rich, creamy, malty chocolaty, and C-O-O-L-I-N-G. It cools parched lips, quenches thirsty throats, and gives a lift to jaded feelings. The careful preparation of malt extract, eggs, full-cream milk and chocolate in Bourn-vita gives added richness to your milk. Served icy cold, this delicious food-drink will really refresh you.

On hot, thirsty days, give all the family Bourn-vita this Milk Shake way. The kiddies love its rich, chocolaty, malty flavour, and its cooling goodness soon restores energy and good humour when they get tired and crotchety. Bourn-vita is especially prepared by a low temperature process which retains the natural protective qualities of the ingredients—the calcium, phosphorus, iron, and the Vitamins A. B. & D—all so necessary for growing children. Give them Bourn-vita often—as a long, cooling drink during the day or as a bedtime, going-to-sleep, food drink.

When you're tired and really fagged out, a cup of Bourn-vita will supply a quick source of energy. It picks you up, it helps relax tired, frayed nerves. Keep a tin handy—it only takes a few moments to mix yourself a delicious drink, and before you know it you're feeling on top of the world again.

Get a tin today!

Bourn-vita comes in handy half-pound and full one pound sizes. Get a tin from your chemist or store today and start on the road to renewed health the Bourn-vita way.

"Bourn-vita before bed encourages a deep, natural sleep"

Medical science has proved that the normal person uses more energy during the first hour of sleep than during a normal waking hour. A cup of Bourn-vita before bed supplies a quick source of energy from which the body can draw during this important first hour of sleep.

Bourn-vita is rich in diastase (the natural malt digestive of starchy foods) and it quickly encourages a deep sound sleep that helps refresh every tired muscle and relax every taut nerve. You wake in the morning thoroughly refreshed and invigorated.

Bourn-vita before-bed helps you sleep better and wake fresher—it's the natural food drink.

Cadbury's

BOURN-VITA

The ideal food drink — hot or cold

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CHRISTMAS, 1947 — A Tale of Three Cities

PARLIAMENT SQUARE, London, under a blanket of snow. British people feel Christmas is a turning point for them.

LONDON:

Crisis Christmas . . .

THIS is Crisis Christmas. It's the costliest and, with fuel shortages, the coldest yet — but it's not a Christmas of gloom and despondency.

It is a Christmas of astronomical prices and skimpy larders, yet it is a happy Christmas, because it is a Christmas of triumph.

It represents the personal triumph of the proud housewife who has kept alive the traditional spirit of Christmas by careful planning and good management.

It is the triumph of the tired farmer who has protected his flock from the spiv and the black marketeer.

The result is more turkeys at controlled prices than was hoped for, and this triumph over austerity which everyone can share has given a fillip to preparations here.

There's a good feeling everywhere that in hurdling this Crisis Christmas with a few feet to spare, the nation is nearer to economic recovery. Somehow the woes of the world look closer to being solved as we scrape the bottom of the barrel to keep up the old traditions.

Only the cheerfulness of the Britisher could have overcome the costliness and austerity of this Christmas.

It is a cheerfulness which shines through the economic gloom, highlighting the festivities and holding a candle to the New Year and more prosperous days ahead.

What a costly Christmas it is! From the moment we bought our first Christmas cards to the after-dinner nuts and port for the Christmas dinner-table there has been a changing of money for very little in the way of the world's goods.

Even the homeliest Christmas card costs a shilling, and there have been a few at that "low" price. The average price has been from four to five shillips a card.

As for Christmas nuts—the Brazil nut costs exactly eightpence, so that every time the nutcracker goes into action at the dinner-table or round the family fireside, eightpence goes with each crack of a nut.

A cigarette costs twopence these days, and a whole packet 3/4. No currants are available for mince pies, but, as candied peel is also unobtainable, it's like "having bacon and eggs if we had bacon and we could get the eggs."

Sultanas are on points and quite plentiful, while suet can be obtained by those who are well in with the butcher.

Weeks before Christmas spivs descended on the fir forests, digging up acres of trees under cover of night, with the result that the price of Christmas trees rises half a crown with every foot.

The Government's Christmas-box is an extra sixpenny-worth of meat, one pound of sugar, and four ounces of sweets —not a lot, but more than we expected when warned of the crisis ahead.

One happy feature is that the hopes for Christmas wines have been fulfilled. There are good French wines at concession prices—twelve to fourteen shillings a bottle. There are also champagne, hock, and moselle, and, because of our good apple crop, an abundance of English cider.

There are plenty of Empire ports and sherries, but of whisky and gin we do not even speak.

There is one final economic blow for those who dine and wine too well round the Christmas table. There is a purchase tax on most medicines, and the morning-after fruit salts are nearly as high in price as the Christmas fare itself.

NEW YORK blazes with light, and Americans generally are on a spending spree . . . almost with their eyes closed.

NEW YORK:

Luxury spending . . .

A SPENDING spree of unprecedented proportions is in full swing in America.

People know prices are outrageously high for luxury items such as fur coats, imported watches, jewelled bracelets, and other baubles.

They gripe, but they pay. Government statisticians calculate people will pay at least 10 per cent. more for their shiny gifts of luxurious clothes and fascinating toys than they did in the record season of 1946.

Experts also predict that total retail sales this Christmas will be in excess of 30,000 million dollars (£10,000,000,000).

That would represent the sharp increase of 1500 million dollars over last year's Christmas shopping splurge, which was the largest in American history.

The same statisticians expect a slight falling off in volume of sales due to buyer resistance and a comparative lack of supplies of low-priced goods.

Washington experts explain why this is a big spending year. **The personal income of Americans has hit the 210,000 million dollar annual rate—a record; personal savings have reached the 12,700 million dollar rate—another record.**

From our London, New York, and Paris offices

The mood of the American people seems to be a mixture of recklessness and concern.

They are aware of darkening clouds lowering over the international landscape.

They are conscious, too, that their entire economy is sailing skyward, headed for an almost certain eventual bust and collapse. But they prefer to believe present prosperity is a normal, permanent condition.

Decor of glamorous shops in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles matches the people's mood of surface gaiety and optimism.

Some shops even waft perfume over the thousands that enter their doors.

One Fifth Avenue jewellery counter displays a woman's slim wrist watch of rare palladium metal, studded with diamonds. The inconspicuous price tag on it reads 3000 dollars.

There will be solid metal toy trucks, motor cars, electric trains, aeroplanes of pre-war quality for Junior.

There will be sturdy dolls' carriages and dolls' houses, furnished with tiny television sets, bearskin rugs, real silver knives, forks, spoons, and life-like dolls that chew bubble gum for Little Sister.

Some wives will exclaim over silver-blue mink fur coats, representing 8500 of Daddy's hard-earned dollars, opulent crocks of French perfume—at 150 dollars (£50) a crock—and oodles of tissue-thin seamless nylons, in fashionable dark hues.

If he's particularly lucky, Daddy might discover under the Christmas tree a hand-painted, monogrammed necktie for which he will eventually pay a bill of thirty dollars.

He may even find a gold safety-razor with built-in headlight, or a 20-dollar briar pipe with a lighter attached to the bowl.

PARIS is cold, uncomfortable—but optimistic . . . things may be better next year, Parisians say.

PARIS:

Perhaps next year . . .

MORE rabbit than poultry or ham will appear on French Christmas dinner tables this year.

A stroll down the boulevards will soon show you that there is no shortage of any of the traditional good things of Christmas, but prices are far beyond the purses of war and strike impoverished French families.

Let us go down to the Lafayette Galleries, one of the typical French departmental stores, where a huge window has been converted into a ballet performance, with hundreds of superbly dressed dolls dancing and playing musical instruments in a realistic large-scale "theatre."

A hilarious non-stop dancing marathon by enormous caricatured dolls is in progress in another window. Suddenly the music to which they are dancing is cut short, and the whirling figures fall in a heap on the floor.

This is not part of the pantomime. The electric current has been cut off. France is so desperately short of coal.

Inside the store mothers trudge up six flights of stairs with their children to see Father Christmas. The lifts have stopped, too.

The toy department is a real joy to the eyes. There are fantastically beautiful dolls everywhere, dressed as only the French can dress dolls or human beings.

But a look at these wonderful creatures will be the most many French children will have this year, because prices are further removed from the man in the street than the sixth floor of the store.

On one of the counters we see a modest-looking sleeping doll. In this French toy department its price is two thousand francs—nearer £5 than £4.

There are cheaper dolls at £2/10/-, and more expensive ones at £28. You see many mothers putting Santa Claus wise when a small girl asks him for a doll.

Tugging his beard he answers coaxingly, "Perhaps not this Christmas, but the next."

He promises a doll's umbrella instead. A tiny umbrella costs 15/- in French toy departments.

Even Santa's beard is rather attenuated this year because of the cotton-wool shortage, but he compensates for his beard deficiencies by more gestures than ever.

Boys are really more fortunate than girls this Christmas, for every French boy wants a pair of roller skates or a toy yacht, and these can be bought for 26 or 27 shillings.

The confectionery department is discreetly hidden away at the back of the shop, because even the management knows that sweets are almost an impossibility.

A small "threepenny" bar of chocolate is eighty francs, the equivalent of almost five shillings.

If you walk further down the boulevard to Felix Potin, the leading French delicatessen, you will find the prices of poultry are on the same fantastic heights as those of the toy shops.

A very small fowl costs nearly £2/10/-, but a healthy sized rabbit which will feed a family of four or five can be bought for nearly 15/-.

But the French are not depressed. Now that the strikes seem to have ended everyone is looking happy, and saying, with Santa Claus, "Perhaps not this year, but the next . . ."

In any case, every French home this Christmas will have its traditional "Bouche de Noel"—an imitation log of wood made of pastry. This and the abundant French wines will be sufficient to gladden most French hearts.

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Editorial

DECEMBER 27, 1947

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

BE merry this Christmas!

Let the cynics say there is little to be merry about.

Let them point out—

- that Bethlehem rings to-day with the sound of shots exchanged in bloody warfare between Arab and Jew . . .
- that Christmas, "glorious time of great Too-Much," will be a time of near-starvation for millions, making gluttony indecent anywhere . . .
- that present peace is but uneasy truce, and seasonable goodwill a feeble sham.

All they say is true, but is not the whole truth.

The world has never known a perfect Christmas, a truly Christian Christmas. That can only be when peace, plenty, and goodwill are universal.

There have always been hunger and want, danger and ill will for many, though the luckier ones were not so pressingly aware of that as they are now.

There have always been men and nations whose greed for gain or power jeopardised the lives and happiness of others.

But, as well, there has always been a force for good at work in the world, always men of goodwill and stout heart whose lives were devoted to improvement of the human lot.

That force is not dead; such men still struggle against injustice, greed, and want.

Their struggle is worthy of the birthday we celebrate this week, the most important birthday of all time, if we care to make it so.

Let us think then of the good in men—and be merry!

CHRISTMAS MORNING in the nursery (four a.m.) as seen by our artist Sprod.

It seems to me . . .

BY

Dorothy Drain

BY now most people are in stage three of their attitude to Christmas, which, no bigger than a man's hand at the beginning of December, now fills the whole horizon.

First stage is a reluctance to face its imminence at all.

Stage two, which occupies the first three weeks of December, is, for most women, whether they be housewives or city workers, a rapidly increasing hysteria punctuated by dark thoughts that the shopping will never be finished; and that the festival has been commercialised beyond all reasonable bounds.

But finally, when the last card is posted and the last present wrapped, there develops a real enthusiasm and enjoyment, only a little clouded by the difficulty of keeping the family fed over the holiday break.

The best aspect of Christmas is its psychological effect, produced by the instilment in earliest childhood of the notion that this is a season when it's obligatory to be good-tempered and amiable.

Some may deplore the fact that this attitude is responsible for a certain amount of hypocrisy. But if it takes a bit of hypocrisy to make a happy, harmonious day in the family circle, by all means let's have it.

* * *

PLEASANTEST of the pre-Christmas activities are the visits to the toy departments.

There's a good deal of fun in choosing toys, particularly as Rafferty's rules appear to apply in toy departments and everyone ignores the "please do not touch" signs.

Besides, the kids' presents are admirable for enlivening grown-up parties before Christmas.

A couple of wind-up toys, xylophones and trumpets will stimulate nearly any gathering of adults. It is, of course, important to bring them out when the sobriety of the male guests is beyond question, otherwise the toys stand a chance of being worn out before they're despatched to the kids.

* * *

BEST Christmases I remember were celebrated on an island off the Central Queensland coast.

They're a long time back, but I can still smell them—a smell compounded of tent canvas, hot sand, sea air, gum-leaves, and dates.

Sentimental though it is, I'd still prefer that mixture to any of the 11-guinea perfumes in the down-town shops.

HUBBUB about the new fashions has died down here, but it's still fierce in England, where the scarcity of clothing makes them much more controversial.

Among a batch of letters to the editor in a recent "Picture Post" was one which struck a note different from the usual comments.

It was from Captain B. H. Liddell-Hart, noted authority on military strategy, who wrote:

"Judged by experience the new trend of fashion is a peaceful one—almost the only hopeful sign.

"Short skirts have always foretold trouble, whereas long skirts and curving lines have borne a promise of peace and prosperity."

Though not inclined to take this too seriously, I do feel it's pleasant to come on any note of optimism. Besides, I see by "Who's Who" that the history of fashion is one of Captain Liddell-Hart's chief hobbies.

He isn't the only theorist who has related women's fashions to economic and military trends.

James Laver, in his "Taste and Fashion," which traces the history of clothing from the French Revolution until the present day, says that there is always "some intimate if subconscious connection between politics and dressmaking which is plain enough when viewed in retrospect."

* * *

ABOUT that comet which has appeared in our skies:

A comet is far from comatose
As it swirls around the sun
At incredible speed, like a fiery steed,
Apparently for fun.

Men used to think it an omen
And asked what could it portend,
And armies that won, or were sent on the run,
Would hail it as foe, or friend.

Now we, in our time, are enlightened,
Dismissing a comet's pranks.
Yet stay—could it be, in this century,
That it knows about the Banks?

* * *

SYDNEY'S summer has been so wet, cold, and generally vile that I am thinking of applying for a patent for a rain-gauge to be worn in the hat. Then, when people tell you how much they had "up their way," you can retaliate by quoting the inchage which has fallen on you personally.

Interesting People

MISS FLORENCE PIESSE

. . . likes to see the world

DESIGN for living of Florence Piesse, newly elected National Youth Leader of Junior Red Cross, is to work hard for several years, then take time off to see some of world. She went abroad in 1935, has just had long trip in Queensland, Northern Territory, South Australia. Home town is Perth. She has worked with Girl Guides and Y.W.C.A. Her bright blue eyes sparkle with enthusiasm as she talks.

SIR FREDERICK BROWNING

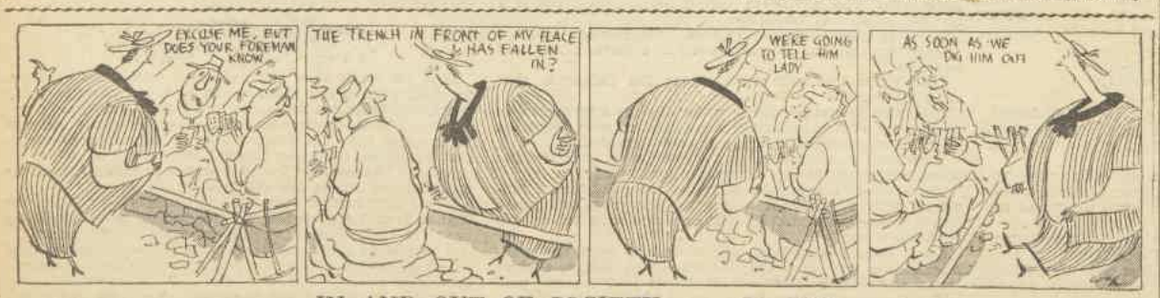
. . . controls Elizabeth's household

EASY in manner, with a charming speaking voice, keen sense of humor, Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Browning, friend of Royal Family for many years, is new Controller and Treasurer of Princess Elizabeth's Household. His wife is famous novelist Daphne du Maurier. Both so adore their Cornish home they have been in London little in recent years. Now they will have quarters with Philip and Elizabeth.

MISS VINA BARNDEN

. . . grateful to Australians

ADELAIDE pianist Vina Barnden, who made her New York debut this month, says: "I shall always be grateful to Australian people who helped me in my career." She was sent to England just before the war on special fund collected by South Australians after Malcolm Sargent declared her a genius. She made a brilliant debut at the Albert Hall. Her husband is Michael Fry, Reuters-A.A.P. correspondent.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

MARCUS CLARK'S, Central Square, Sydney.—Australia's specialist in Mail Order Service.

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Once a year . . . *A scene that will be repeated in hundreds of thousands of homes on Christmas Eve. Staff photographer Jack Hickson made this study as the little boy carefully swept soot from the chimney so that Santa Claus' robe would not be blackened in the descent.*

★ KREAM CORNFLOUR MAKES A "SWEET" APPEAL AT ANY MEAL ★

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Love goes on wheels

since Bob discovered what put the brakes on romance

The hotter the weather the more you need Lifebuoy

On hot summer days you perspire more freely. That's why you need Lifebuoy more than ever — it's the one soap specially made to stop "B.O.". With its special health ingredient Lifebuoy gives lasting, all-over protection!

It's fun to lead the Lifebuoy Life

W.222.23

[ADVERTISEMENT]

I WAS looking forward to my holidays till I met a guy just back from HIS. He insists that if you can't get on to an excursion train, you can experience the same effect by borrowing seven children and putting a cinder in your eye.

* * *

These women always get the last word. Seems arguing with a female is like going into a shower bath with an umbrella . . . what good does it do?

* * *

Celebrate New Year's night with Dick Fair and you'll be in for a really happy time. For on that night, in a special programme, "Australia's Amateur Hour" will feature ex-Amateur Hour artists who are now top-line stars. They are certain to make New Year's night an occasion to be remembered.

* * *

There was a young wife called Maisie,
Who said washing-up drove her crazy,
Till Rinso she tried
Now she's washed-up and dried
In a jiffy—still fresh as a daisy.

* * *

A food dealer friend of mine is terribly worried at the moment. His sausage-making machine needed repairs, and because of the labour shortage he had to get a sewing-machine mechanic to do the job. Now, has he got TROUBLE! All the sausages are coming out with pleats in the back.

* * *

Met a bright young thing t'other day. Nice. Smart, too. Asked her whether she was planning a career or marriage—a husband or money. She said yes, that was exactly what she wanted—a career of marriage to a husband with money.

* * *

I hear a claim has been staked for Australia's most glamorous head of hair. One lass writes to say her golden tresses are five feet long. This is just one of dozens of astounding, curious, amusing, or quaint news items and oddities to be aired in "National Fair" early in the New Year. "National Fair" is, of course, the 'tween-States radio contest that's really going to make listening history. I understand the girl with the Godiva-like locks is looking for a challenger. So all you ladies with long, long hair had best be getting out your tape measures.

* * *

My Varsity student brother has the cutest little sweetie. And is she bright? She thinks the refresher course he's taking is a Lifebuoy shower every morning.

* * *

ANSWER TO PROUD MOTHER: So you don't have any trouble in getting your little boy to take a bath. But, lady, aren't you WORRIED? A kid who washes his neck without being told should be the subject of a thorough investigation.

* * *

Who was the wise guy who said: "Winter is what you think isn't so bad in the summer, and vice versa." He really has something at that.

Cheers dears,

Woof

"All the signs of an advanced civilisation, Anstruther."

What a discovery —

RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS

save all rubbing

Z.253.23

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As I read the stars

By JUNE MARSDEN

THESE are important and fortunate days for Capricornians, Taurians, and Virgoans, who should plan well ahead and work hard.

Things have also improved slightly for Geminians and Pisceans, but life is difficult and confusing at present for most Arians, Librans, and Cancerians.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Live quietly and avoid changes, discord, and obstacles, especially on Dec. 23, 24, 26 (very tricky), 28, and 29.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Fortunate changes, promotions, and favors are around, and Dec. 23 (except midday), 24 (morning), 25, and 26 are very good.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Slight improvements are likely, and there are some good hours on Dec. 26 and 27.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Live quietly and avoid pitfalls, changes, losses, and partings. Routine is advised because Dec. 23, 24, 26, 28, and 29 are tricky and confusing.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): Morning of Dec. 23 is very good, but Dec. 24 and 25 are very poor. Dec. 26 (morning) and late 29 are fair.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Seek progress for fortune smiles most on you now. Dec. 23 (midday hours), 24 (except 2 p.m.-4 p.m., and 3 p.m.-8 p.m.), 25 and 26 are very good.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Beware of pitfalls, worry, upsets, and changes. Dec. 23, 24, 28, and 29 are all difficult so just follow routine.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Very fair for modest plans on Dec. 23, 28 (daylight hours), and 29. Dec. 24 and 25, however, are adverse.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Finalise important matters on Dec. 23, but live quietly on Dec. 24, 26, and 27.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Opportunities are ahead, so plan progressively. Dec. 23 (to sunset), 24, 28, and 29 are good, but the evening of Dec. 23, the morning and early afternoon of Dec. 24 and Dec. 25 and 26 are all good.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): These are unspectacular days, with Dec. 24 adverse, early 25 poor, and 28 good (except near 2 a.m.-2 p.m., and 8 p.m.).

PISCES (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21): Moderate improvements possible on Dec. 23 (before 8 a.m.), 28 (except near sunrise and sunset), and 29. Dec. 24, 26, and 27 are poor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Carols by Candlelight

Sydney's second Carols by Candlelight Festival will be held at the Sports Ground on Christmas Eve.

THIS spectacular festival will commence at 7.30 p.m. with massed bands and choirs. The main carol programme will start at 8.30 and continue until 10.30 p.m.

Consolidated Press Ltd., with Broadcasting Station 2UW and the Federation of N.S.W. Police-Citizens' Boys' Clubs, has arranged the festival, the proceeds of which will go to the Rachel Forster Hospital and the Police Boys' Clubs.

Proceeds will come from the sale of attractively printed programmes and candles with cardboard holders.

Programmes will be sold outside the ground for 1/- each, and they will entitle purchasers to enter the ground at no extra cost. Special outdoor burning candles will be sold inside the ground.

The programmes contain the words of well-known carols, and the audience will be asked to join massed choirs in singing them.

Your Coupons

TEA: 1-4 (5-8 available Dec. 29).
BUTTER: 1-3 (expire Dec. 29, when 4-6 become available).
MEAT: Red, 1-7 (expire Dec. 29, when 8-11 become available); blue, 1-7 (expire Dec. 29, when 9 and 11 become available).
CLOTHING: 1-56 (1947) and 1-56 (1948).

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go with
COLONEL BARTON: In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board yacht Argos is
BETTY: His daughter. They call at a tropical island where the native Chief tells them he once saw a flame pearl on an island inhabited by a tribe of women warriors and known as Amoz Island. On reaching the island they are captured by the Amazons and brought to the Queen, who decides Mandrake shall join the ranks of timid Amoz husbands. The elderly Colonel is in danger of death until Mandrake intervenes. NOW READ ON:

★ PELACO SHIRTS — MINE TINKIT THEY FIT — PELACO SHIRTS ★

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FOUR PRETTY GIRLS. Joan Maguire (lower left) and Pat Stapleton, co-hostesses at Christmas dance at Pickwick Club, with two of their guests, Terry Hanrahan (top left) and Glen Ashcroft.

BRIDE-TO-BE. Bernice Bowman (third from left) and her fiance, John Cay Armstrong, of "Charlton," Queensland, with Alison Cunningham (left) and Norma Nall, who will be bridesmaids at wedding, which will take place early in the New Year.

MARRIED AT ALL SAINTS'. Henry Humphries and his bride, formerly Mrs. Frena Warrand, with bride's two children, Joanna and James Warrand. Bride is widow of Commander John Warrand, R.N., and second daughter of late Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Crace, of Canberra. Henry is attended by Cam Webb.

Intimate Jottings

NEWLYWEDS. Bon Black and his wife, formerly Gladys Bull, of Gala Vale, Jerilderie, photographed during visit to Sydney. Bon and Gladys make home at Goolgumbla, Jerilderie, where Bon is manager.

CHRISTMAS holidaymakers have new theme song, "Dreaming of a Wet Christmas," to haunt their slumbers, but everyone keeping their fingers crossed that the sun will shine this Thursday and will keep on shining through vacation period.

After exhausting round of Christmas shopping, parties, and general festivities, lots of city and country folk pack away their glamor clothes and set forth laden with swimming costumes and play clothes to relax for the remainder of 1947 and to welcome in 1948.

Palm Beach and Terrigal popular spots and hear of lots of country folk moving into seaside cottages in time to greet Santa.

• • •

OLD regulars at both resorts will be well to the fore again this year. The K. F. Coles and their three children, Coral, Ken, and Beverley, will move into their home overlooking swimming pool at Palm Beach on Boxing Day. They will spend six weeks there and Coral, Ken, and Beverley have worked out roster system to fit in lots of their friends as house-guests during their stay.

The Christmas' plan their family party with Mrs. Christmas and daughter Margaret, with Johnny and Sheila Goodall and their children, and Joan and George Christmas and their two young sons.

• • •

SEE Mollie Sargood lunching at Romano's with Sue Crossing and hear that Mollie and Jim have house at Palm Beach for few weeks, and in January will come up to Sydney to stay in Dick and Pauline Allen's house while Dick and Pauline bask in January sunshine at the beach.

Two pretty girls, Pam and Prue Moses, will stay with their grandmother, Mrs. David Hill, at Kalua, Palm Beach.

• • •

TERRIGAL regulars move in . . . Fred and Joan Moses have new member of their clan to introduce this year, young Fred junior, who with brother Michael and Peter will keep Fred and Joan busy . . . Ken and Phyl Mackay, of Melbee, Dungog, and daughter Margaret move in for month in January, but will be up and down to Sydney when their racehorse, Royal Marine, is racing. From Quirindi way Bruce and Betty Saywell and the K. S. Binnies come from their properties. Other country folk down Terrigal way will be the "Os" Richards, of Caloola, Baan Baa, and their two sons, Bill and Geoff, Mr. and Mrs. A. Doyle, of Gresford, near Singleton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fencher, of Scone, and Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Lane, of Carlisle, Trangie.

• • •

INTERESTING engagements. Lots of congratulations for Biddy McPhillamy and Bob Withycombe when they announce their engagement at party at Elanora. Biddy is only daughter of Mrs. McPhillamy and late Mr. M. E. McPhillamy, of Bathurst. Country folk also interested in engagement of Margaret Ekin, elder daughter of the E. B. Ekins, of Werilto, Mullaley, and Peter Fisher, of Killara.

GYMKHANA. The Hon. and Mrs. H. C. Bathurst, Mr. and Mrs. Parry Okeden, Mr. E. C. Lysaght, and Philip Parbury are spectators at gymkhana held in Wollongong by Lysaghts Ltd., at Lysaghts Oval.

ENGAGED. Beryl Cleaver, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Cleaver, of Seaforth, and late of Canberra, announces her engagement to Lieut. Charles Kibblewhite, R.N.Z.E.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Kibblewhite, of Christchurch New Zealand. Beryl and Charles choose Graduation Ball at Royal Military College, Duntroon, to announce news.

BARBECUE. Minister for Eire, Dr T. J. Kiernan, and his wife depart from traditional formality of cocktail parties in Canberra and have barbecue instead. Mrs. Paul Malone, M. Pierre Auge, Paul Malone, Madame Auge, Mrs. Kiernan, Mr. Artie Fadden, Mr. C. W. Falkinder photographed round barbecue.

MY Canberra newshound tells me that Canberra's third Carols by Candlelight will be held this Christmas Eve on lawns in front of Parliament House. Feature of programme will be broadcasting of Christmas greetings in their own language by legation members and foreign representatives in Canberra. The Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A., who organise function, have arranged for a truck to be waiting at Parliament House steps to collect toys and presents, which will be taken on to children's home. Usually three or four thousand attend.

• • •

SHAKING raindrops from my nose, arrive at Gloucester Room at Australia Hotel and see guest of honor, lovely British film star Jean Simmons, with nary a spot of rain marring her soignee ensemble. Luncheon is given by textile man Ken Pittman in Jean's honor. Am amused that not one of us feminine guests is able to compliment our host and turn up wearing a Grafton silk for occasion. Even Mrs. Pittman, with wary eye to weather, chooses soft teal-blue light-weight wool for party. Envy guest of honor's slim waist in her "new look" suit.

"Huckster" Deke Coleman also casts admiring eye, but thinks his wife, Louise, would even beat Jean in race for tiny waist. He tells me he can span Louise's waist with his two hands. Let's give up the struggle, girls.

COUNTRY INTEREST. Recent bride, Mrs. Bill Armstrong, and her husband leave Ross Memorial Church, Harden, after their wedding. Mary is second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Ross, of Jellambi, Harden.

BEST Christmas present for Peter Latham with B.C.O.F. in Japan is arrival of attractive wife, Peg, who is due there in Westralia on Christmas Eve. Peg is farewelled in Sydney by her father, Mr. Robert Sanderson, and Peter's father, Sir John Latham. Before leaving Melbourne, Peg thrilled to see newly arrived baby son of sister Judy van Hasselt. He's being called Barthold after his father

Joyce

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Wrong Number, Please

Continued from page 7

SUSAN walked boldly into the beauty parlor and said, "I want everything."

She came home with a new hair-do, reshaped eyebrows, and a manicure. Looking in the mirror she thought, if only I had somewhere to go. And then the phone rang.

The flat feminine "Oh!" in response to Susan's "Hello?" sounded just the way Susan felt. But the girl on the other end of the line apparently gathered her reserves. "I," she rather gulped, "I would like to speak to Mr. McNeal."

"You have the wrong number," Susan said firmly. "There is no Randy McNeal here."

"Oh, isn't there?" said the girl. "Then how do you know his name is Randy?" And this time the caller beat Susan to the hang-up.

Susan shrugged her shoulders and sat down on the sofa where she could reach out for the telephone when it rang, as she knew it would. She had bought some Christmas cards, and fully intended to apply herself to despatching them.

But somehow, instead, she found herself day-dreaming, a card held unregarded in her hand. She thought first about Mr. McNeal, then about herself.

About Mr. McNeal she thought: He must be young, for the man who seemed to know him so well and the girls who had rung were obviously, from their voices, young. He must be successful. The tailor who rang was one of the best in the city.

About herself she thought: What's going to become of me? I'm twenty-two, and the only men in my life have been Herby White and Freddy Masters.

Herby White had escorted her to school dances. Freddy Masters had married an English girl.

Then the phone rang and a laughing masculine voice said, "Look, is this the wrong number?"

Susan stiffened, and hastily collected her dignity. It was the voice from the first call of the morning. "I beg your pardon," she said.

The laughing voice went on: "You know, the little wrong number who is raising hob with Randy McNeal's life."

Susan said flatly: "Oh. It's you. What do you want?"

"Not that way," said the voice. "I liked your morning voice much better. It had charm and allure. I can understand Lida's being upset."

"And who," asked Susan, "is Lida? And who are you?"

"Lida," said the voice, "is the girl Randy is—or was—going to marry, and I'm Phil Armstrong. I was going to be the best man at the wedding before Ted Thomas told his wife a girl answered Randy's phone when he rang about tennis. She and a few other females verified it and told Lida about the girl in Randy's flat. And unless somebody can explain your being there, there just ain' goin' ta be no weddin'."

Susan gasped. "I'm in my own flat. How dare you insinuate——"

"Look, my precious, you have been answering Randy's phone all day. Randy is supposed to be back from Perth to-day or to-morrow——"

"I'm in my own flat," said Susan. Her dignity was now a shield and buckler. "If you don't believe me, go look in your Randy's flat and find out for yourself."

"That wouldn't be sporting."

"Well, call the police." Susan's voice cracked on the last word.

"Oh, please," the voice pleaded. "Let's talk this thing over. What about dinner together?"

So, thought Susan, that's it. Just get an unsuspecting girl out to dinner.

"I have a dinner engagement," she said.

"Afternoon tea, then."

"No, thank you," said Susan.

The voice began to plead. "Well, just tell me your name and where you live, so that I can verify it for Lida. She's been having hysterics for the past hour."

"Lida," said Susan, "can, as far as I am concerned, have hysterics for the next ten years, and I am not at all worried about your not being a best man. Now please get off my phone."

She banged the instrument down furiously, and reflected that life had been peaceful until the advent of the telephone, since when she had spent all her time arguing with people. She got up and dressed quickly. Eating out would wreck the budget, but she was not going to stay home and answer that phone.

Susan ate a lonely dinner in a dismal tearoom and went to a picture show, which seemed to her to be like entering Noah's ark, for everybody was moving in twos—except, of course, herself.

Then she went home to hear the telephone ringing, and, resolutely, she let it ring. Just as she was falling asleep it started to ring again. Mr. McNeal, thought Susan, is too popular, and let it ring itself into silence. Her last conscious thought was that Mr. McNeal was probably terribly conceited, and she wouldn't like him.

The telephone woke her the next morning, and she answered it automatically. When a cheery, masculine voice said, "Good morning, wrong number," she hung up.

This, she thought, has got to stop. I'll have the phone taken out. I'll—She gasped aloud at her own stupidity. She should have reported it before.

She quickly dialled the exchange, and finally got an official, to whom she told her story. The impersonal voice said, "I'm sorry. There is nothing we can do about it to-day, but we will check on the matter the first thing in the morning."

Then the voice became warm and personal: "But I'll tell you what I can do. I can report your phone out of order, and have it temporarily cut off, if you like."

That, thought Susan grimly, would be sad. "Thank you so much." When she put the phone back on the table she shut her lips tightly and nodded her head. That for Randy McNeal.

She jumped out of bed. It was a beautiful day. She would go to the zoo. All was right with the world, and she had no telephone. It was wonderful.

Wonderful, that is, until Mr. Dipple said the next morning: "Where under the sun were you over the week-end, Susan? Called in at the flat on Saturday. You weren't home. Your neighbor gave me your telephone number. Tried to get you a half-dozen times. Tried again Sunday. Out of order, they said. Mrs. Dipple's nephew was here for the week-end——"

He stopped in amazement as Susan said in a very small voice, "Oh, no, Mr. Dipple. Not that."

"Not what?" Mr. Dipple barked. "Nothing wrong with the lad. Edna says he looks like this What's-his-name in the movies."

Susan hadn't even a small voice left to answer that one, and when Mr. Dipple said, "Better report your phone," she reached obediently for the instrument in front of her.

Eventually she was informed that the number formerly listed in the name of Mr. Randolph McNeal had been disconnected four months ago. Of course, Mr. McNeal was still listed in the old directories, but the new ones would be out eventually, which should eliminate much of the annoyance to Miss Norman.

Susan was convinced until about lunch-time, when she tried to reconcile telephone calls from a fiancee, a best man, a cleaning woman, and a few other assorted persons, with a disconnected telephone, and could not do it.

Her telephone was ringing as she opened her front door that evening. She wasn't going to answer it, but then she remembered Mr. Dipple and the nephew who looked like What's-his-name in the movies.

It was a nice masculine voice. A new one this time.

"This," said the new voice, "is Randy McNeal," and hardly giving Susan time to gasp, he said, "We seem to have a mix-up on our telephones."

"Not yours," Susan corrected. "Mine. You haven't one, it has been disconnected."

"Oh, no," said Randy McNeal, as firmly as the telephone authorities. "It was temporarily disconnected while I was in Perth. I'm going to have it connected to-morrow."

"You are!" said Susan, glad that her voice was equal parts sarcasm and incredulity. "How nice. Then you can decide for yourself whether you will play tennis or squash, and when your cleaning woman will come."

"Oh, now, please, Miss—Miss——"

"Turner," said Susan sweetly. "Lana Turner," and hung up.

She coped with the situation for the rest of the evening by curling up on the sofa with a book; and whenever the phone rang, she picked it up and laid it on the table until the person at the other end wearied of saying "Hello." Then she replaced it in its cradle.

By the time she was ready for bed she felt very smug about Mr. Randy McNeal. She had finished him off with polish.

The smooth smugness lasted all through her breakfast next morning, her train trip to the office, opening the mail, and through the first three telephone calls of the morning.

It didn't prepare her, however, for the fourth and the tone of humble apology with which Mr. Randy McNeal said: "Miss Norman, I find that that number is yours now, but you're stuck with me, too. I can't get another phone straight off, and I'm afraid you will continue to be annoyed."

Susan said, "Oh, that's all right, I——" She caught herself. Country friendliness had saddled her with the macabre Mrs. Bishop. "Really, Mr. McNeal," she said, "I can't understand this mix-up—and how did you get my name?"

He was still humble. "The telephone people told me where to reach you. They want to get this straightened out, too. It's largely my fault. I had to be in Perth for a number of months, and I asked that my telephone be disconnected temporarily. Some lame brain mixed up the orders and disconnected it permanently, which left the number to be reassigned.

"I wrote to them last week, telling them to connect the telephone, and I wrote to my friends about coming home and telephoning on different matters. I'll try to let people know about the number, but I'm afraid I can't think of everyone."

Susan had had enough of apology. "That's all right," she answered. "I'll explain to people who ring."

Mr. McNeal's voice brightened. "Would you?" he asked. "Would it be asking too much of you just to make a note of any calls? I can ring you then and—"

"I'll be glad to, Mr. McNeal," Susan found herself saying, against her better judgment.

She spent that evening curled up on the sofa with a book, pad, and pencil, and when he rang at eleven he was so charming that she was really sorry that there had been only one message for her to take.

He was not only charming, but even more humble than he had been in the morning, which, Susan thought, should have warned her.

THERE was a little pause, then Mr. McNeal said: "Miss Norman, I have another favor to ask of you. Miss Ogden—Lida—my fiancee . . . that is—would you have dinner with us to-morrow night? Miss Ogden is a little upset about this—this mix-up. People have been ringing her, you know."

Susan thought she didn't know, but she kept quiet and he went on.

"I think if she met you—saw you, it might—will you meet us for dinner at the Perry?"

She intended to say "No" with great dignity, but country friendliness got in her way again, and she said "Yes," feeling quite pleased.

When she walked into the Perry at seven the next evening she still felt pleased. She had spent the afternoon and the greater part of her summer clothes budget on a new black taffeta suit and a wisp of a hat that was a twist of straw and two feathers, and showed off to advantage her hair, which was now curled on top of her head.

She caught her breath. If only—She started to think. If only Randy McNeal were waiting for her. She turned away from the mirror resolutely.

Randy McNeal had told her he and Lida would stand in front of the florist's counter in the foyer, so that she would recognise them, but she was surprised to note hurriedly as she approached them that there were two men and a girl.

The tall, blond man with the broad shoulders and the serious face would, of course, be Randy McNeal, and the dark, elfin-looking girl laughing up at him would be his Lida, while the other man, who was not so tall and not so blond, and not at all so attractive, could be anybody.

Susan hesitated for only a moment, and then said quietly, her eyes on the tall man, "I'm Susan Norman."

She liked his smile as he took her hand, and said, "So you're Susan Norman," and she was very glad he held tightly to her hand when the elfin creature stamped her foot and said, "So this is the middle-aged secretary with the vinegar voice you wanted me to meet," and started at a half run, half walk across the foyer, the unknown man in close pursuit.

Susan tried to withdraw her hand as she said hesitatingly: "Shouldn't you go after her?"

But he tucked her hand firmly under his arm and said, "Randy will handle her—he's had practice."

Susan said "Oh"; and then, when the blond man did nothing but continue to smile down at her, she swallowed hard and tried again to withdraw her hand. "I think I should go. Mr. McNeal asked me to meet them——"

"That," the blond man interrupted, tightening his hold on her hand, "was not his idea. That was my idea."

Susan said "Oh!" again, and was silent for a moment. "Miss Ogden is quite perturbed. Perhaps I should——"

The blond man shook his head. "Lida is like that. I knew she would storm off and Randy would have to go after Her. Actually I made the dinner reservation for just the two of us."

He looked down at her in such a way that Susan's knees began to do foolish things and she was glad he was tucking her hand more firmly under his arm.

"It was the only way," he said, "I could think of to meet you."

It seemed to be Susan's turn to say "Oh!" again, which she did. Then, even before he said, "I'm Phil Armstrong and I knew that wasn't a wrong number," she knew that her telephone was going to ring a lot from then on.

(Copyright)

A Thousand Looked On

Continued from page 9

GORMLEY'S eyes returned to the manager, waiting expectantly at his elbow.

"Unless," he said, at last, softly, "unless it rains."

Once more the speculative blue eyes rested on the mesmerist, then swept past Flaxman into the wings behind Crane, and upward to the light-perches, then higher into the flies, remained for a puzzled moment, and dropped again to the stage.

The mesmerist was standing with bowed head, his gaze riveted on the sprawled figure at his feet—a nasty sight indeed, with a knife sticking in its back . . .

It was early morning when Egan Crane reached his hotel and climbed into bed, piqued, perturbed, and thoroughly fatigued. Not fatigued enough, however, or, perhaps, too fatigued, to sleep. He was irritated by a sense of frustration that had persisted ever since he arrived in Sydney.

He told himself it was ridiculous. One had to be reasonable. After all, he'd only been in the country less than twenty-four hours. It was only a beginning. A pretty grim beginning.

Nevertheless, he thought, with sudden optimism, the grimness might be turned to account. There'd be talk and newspaper notices and headlines ("NOTED VISITING ACTOR INVOLVED"), an inquest, a trial. And, so far as he was concerned, it was quite impersonal.

He was a bystander—a privileged bystander who had had the good or ill fortune to witness a murder. He persisted in thinking of it as a murder. So much more dramatic.

There'd be a trial in the spectacular British manner, with robed barrister and ermined judges and all the legal falderal. No actor could ask for a better setting. He imagined himself on the witness-stand.

"Your name is Egan Crane?"

A charming smile and a bow.

"You are an actor?"

"I have been so called."

That line needed careful rehearsal in order to convey the correct element of whimsy. Faint surprise might be suggested. Perhaps the gentlest emphasis on the "have"—a tiny, slightly ironic smile playing about the corners of the lips, a little twinkle in the eyes.

"You were present at the Colona Theatre when X met his death?"

"I was."

"On the stage?"

"I had a minor role."

That should evoke a titter in the body of the court. One would have to be careful, however. This, after all, was murder. A man's life was at stake. The stark scaffold loomed.

"I assure you, my lord—or was it 'Your Honor'?—I do indeed appreciate the gravity of the situation. I am a stranger in your hospitable country ('Noted American Actor Calls Australians Hospitable'), unpractised—no, 'unversed' would be better—in your court procedure, but anxious to—and so on and so on."

Egan Crane's eyelids drooped. Momentarily he dozed. Somewhere distantly a thoughtless guest slammed a noisy door, and, once more, he was wide awake.

He would have to be ready for the newshawks in the morning. First thing on rising he would open that bundle of photographs and place one carelessly among the clothes in his trunk. Pity they were not more recent.

He closed his eyes again on the vision of a two-column spread of himself in a Sunday edition. Dozing again, he found himself sinking, then rising and falling to the rhythmic movement of a ship at sea, standing, feet braced, trying to read what they'd written about him.

Someone said, "Excuse me, Mr. Crane, but the ship is sinking," which didn't seem to upset him because he was so anxious to read what had been printed.

Please turn to page 26

Cook in half the time with twice the flavour — with a "SUPER COOKER" Pressure Pan. A STROMBERG-CARLSON Product

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B.C.O.F. FAMILIES PREPARE CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS being put up by four-and-a-half-year-old Lynette, daughter of Major and Mrs. S. J. Warrell, Melbourne, who is helped by Japanese bell-boy, "Micky." The tree is being prepared for children of B.C.O.F. families in the Tokio area. Lynette's father is manager of the Marunouchi Hotel.

TYPICAL SCENE in a Japanese departmental store shows the

Everyone is determined it w be a great day for the childre

By ALICE JACKSON, Editor of The Austra Women's Weekly, who has been visiting Jap

"Let's make it a great day for the children" is slogan of B.C.O.F. families, who are whole-hear throwing themselves into preparations for a Christmas.

Parties for raising funds for trees are well under wa first of these, in Hiro, one small raffle provided a start of £28.

THE children themselves are playing an important part in the entertainments. All the schools are rehearsing ambitious programmes, which include Christmas carols plays, and pantomimes.

Following the practice in England, schools close for two weeks only at Christmas. None of the youngsters to whom I talked regarded this as a hardship.

They get plenty of study and also plenty of recreation. Large, well-lit, airy classrooms and ample **play-**ground space are the ... schools. Coaches from B.C.O. at football and swimming cl even for the least studious, has plenty of happy ...

Christmas was the main conversation among the ... years) at Eta Jima School day of my visit. In their recreation room they have and a roomy stage lit with co footlights. Their teacher, M Wetz, from Wimbledon, Eng. musical, and has thrown ... the rehearsals, with the ... all are anxious for the great up day when they can ...

SCHOOL'S OUT and Mary O'Shea, St. Mary's, N.S.W., is helped into bus by teacher Jean Walters. Warwick Gallagher, Perth, is with teacher Dorothy Smethurst, Capt. H. Clark, headmaster, and Cpl. Mackie, teacher, look on.

SHOPPING for Christmas presents at the local store occupies Mrs. C. Bolwell, of Okayama, who is assisted by her young son Richard. Pictures by Army Public Relations photographer, Sgt. Ernie Mann.

JAPANESE STALL with its ... bunting makes a cheery ... the ...

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S CHEER

...e toy counter laden with mechanical toys.

LIVE RABBIT makes an attractive toy for Christmas for young George Bazzica, of Boulder, W. A., who makes friends with the pet by offering it a juicy leaf while his amah holds it.

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Sergeants' messes give parties

IN accordance with Army custom, on Christmas afternoon the sergeants' messes in Japan have arranged special children's parties, doing everything themselves, with no help from parents. No other parties are held that day. On Boxing Day the left-overs and good things bought with voluntary contributions are given to the children at parties held in Japanese schools.

their parents with their Christmas repertoire of carols, playlets, and recitations.

They were all eager to tell me what fun they were having. Pat organises a little treat for them once a fortnight. Diane Jillet, 7, from Melbourne Grammar, and Albert Renshaw, from the Public School, Waverley, N.S.W., told about bus rides and launch trips.

With the charming irrelevance of childhood, six-year-old Tommy Tubbs, from Texas, interrupted with the information that he was going to be a cowboy when he grew up.

Not to be outdone, Bruce Cole, 5½, announced that his chosen career is that of taxi-driver. Also "Do you know my big brother Peter? He goes to Sydney High, and do you know what I had last night? Chips and cauliflower!"

"I'm going to be a pilot," announced Brisbane lad Christie Kyle.

Older pupils (9-14 years) were using correspondence courses, each working at his own rate under helpful supervision. Headmaster of the school is Warrant-Officer Llewellyn, of the Royal Army Education Service.

Staff Captain, Education, is Captain Edwards, of W.A.

Every State was represented among the pupils to whom I talked.

From New South Wales: Cyril Westcott, 10, Haberfield; Kevin Pearson, 13, Manly. ("No, I don't miss Manly. I like it here.")

From Canberra: Dorelle Coghlan, 9 years.

From Victoria: Jocelyn Fisher, Camberwell; Rosalind Cratton, Wilson; Tony Looker, Garden Vale; David Gooch, South Yarra; George and Rex Goth, Mornington.

From South Australia: Prudence Garrett, Mount Gambier; Jennifer Codling, Colonel Light Gardens Primary School, and her brother Geoffrey.

From Queensland: Jean and Bill Johnson, Milton; Thelma and Dennis Mitchell, Brisbane; Alan, Glen, and Kyle Christie, Ashgrove.

It hasn't taken the children long to make new friendships, and there will be a gathering of good mixers around every Christmas-tree.

Never lonely

"IT'S interesting getting to know people from all over Australia, and I've made friends from England and America, too," said Nita King, 13½, from Niji Mura. "I'm never lonely."

While the youngsters are happily developing their talents for entertainment, mothers are accumulating amusing trifles for decorations and gifts. Nurses and Aamws are collecting tinfoil from all comers and industriously cutting out silver stars and moons to glamorise the wards of the young hospital patients.

Fathers, of course, are having the time of their lives giving mechanical toys a secret work-out, and many a grave conclave is held to ensure there's no duplication.

No place in the world offers such an astounding variety of toys as Japan. Prices to-day are high for Occupation Forces. "The yen costs 200 to the pound sterling, so you have to watch your step and resist temptation," said one of the mothers.

But colorful decorations made of seemingly fragile, but surprisingly tough, paper are cheap and plentiful.

Tiny fans and parasols, gay paper streamers, balloons and kites, miniature animals and dolls, horrific masks will decorate the tables.

Ingenious toys

THIS may be because, in Japan, New Year's Day is celebrated as everybody's birthday, but, even so, it's hard to believe there will be enough customers to buy even a fraction of the toys on sale.

Though their workmanship may be far from sturdy and many of them are frankly flimsy, the ingenuity of the designs of the mechanical toys is quite astounding. Trucks, jeeps, motor cycles, trapeze artists, trick animals, puzzles, ornaments of all descriptions are being turned out by the thousand. Dolls from the size of a thumbnail upwards must be made in tens of thousands.

Japanese girls are fond of children and many of the amahs have insisted on making gifts of their own long-cherished dolls for mothers to give to their little charges.

Such toys will hang on many Christmas-trees alongside those sent from Australia.

Getting the Christmas-tree will be no problem, for Japan is a land of fir trees. If snow falls to schedule the fir-trees on nearby hills will provide a traditional Christmas-card back-drop for all festivities.

All the family homes are centrally heated, so, if it's cold outdoors, it will be cosy within. But outdoors will be popular, even if cold. "It's going to be all snow," gloated 7-year-old Kenneth Pratt, from Griffith, N.S.W. "I'm going to throw snowballs."

ROLLS for party held to raise funds for Christmas festivities shown by Mrs. Roy Pearce, Manjinup, W.A., to Anne and Jennifer Comeadow, Melbourne, their mother, and Capt. A. Hamilton.

JUNIORS at Eta Jima are all vitally interested while their teacher, Miss Pat Wetz, discusses plans for the Christmas parties being organised for them in occupation areas.

...-colored lanterns and its carefully arranged ...d is typical of stalls which operate even in ...t Japanese cities.

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A Thousand Looked On

CHAGRINED, Crane found that there was too much wind to read. The paper was flapping about so. Then the sheet was swept from his hands over the side and he saw it on the crest of a high wave.

Then the wave curled and the paper disappeared.

He awoke suddenly, a heavy feeling at his heart. His first thought was that the boat had stopped, and then he remembered. He wasn't at sea. He was in a hotel in Sydney, the city he had come to conquer. He lay there thinking over the past crowded twenty-four hours . . .

The Alpara had entered the Heads an hour after sunrise. Egan Crane, consumed with a curiosity he would never have admitted, had been on deck long before breakfast. He wore an air of slight boredom.

Inwardly he was excited. It was the first time he had been on the point of disembarking from a liner, the first time he had even arrived by sea at a port of consequence. And already, he could see, Sydney was of consequence.

A wonderful city to sack! Well, he would sack it. Setting his chin he thrust out his lower lip, sucking in the upper, drawing a great breath; a warrior hiding his scars under a mantle of self-assurance, seeking a new tournament.

A passenger joined him. A small, energetic little man with a cheerful grin. His name was Smith. "George to you." Crane had been quite successful in avoiding him during the voyage.

"Your first time here, Mr. Crane?"

Crane nodded. A cheap little man, he thought. Vulgar as they made them. He hoped he wasn't a fair average sample of Australian. There had been little opportunity of judging since he left 'Frisco, for the great majority of passengers were American businessmen going back to foreign jobs or to take up new ones.

All of them had too much money. He'd had to avoid them, too, as far as possible. It was all right for them. They were spending someone else's money. Their drinks would go down on an "entertainment" account.

Smith, too, apparently was affluent. He had aboard a wife, two flapper daughters, and a rowdy young son. Just as well, Crane told himself, to part with a show of friendliness.

"This is my third homecoming," Smith said, "and every time I pass back through those Heads I say this is God's own country for all its darn unions. Look at the kid there, hollerin' his head off. Is he glad to get back? Too right he's glad." He waved his hand.

"That's Vaucluse," he explained. "Over there's Wentworth House. Old Wentworth was the first man to cross the Blue Mountains. Darn fine statesman. Not like your present-day, blood-sucking, tax-grabbing politicians. Bit of a poet. Prophet, too, if you ask me! This ought to appeal to you as an actor, Mr Crane. The old boy wrote it over a hundred years ago, mind. How did it go, now?

"'May this, thy last-born infant, then arise
To glad thy heart and greet thy parent eyes;
"'And Australasia rise with flag unfurl'd——
A new Britannia in another world.'

"Good, eh?"

Egan Crane pondered the quotation. Already he had partly memorised it. Great stuff! Great stuff to drag into a curtain speech on opening night.

"Very fine verse," Crane responded, gravely, wondering when the Press representatives would come aboard. He hoped there'd be women reporters. He rather fancied he made a deeper impression on women.

Mrs. Smith fluttered up with a breathless good-morning, and "Just fancy, we're home at last." Her fingers played with a little novelty watch hanging from her coat lapel. She was hoping they hadn't been seen in Sydney yet.

Continued from page 23

Smith was still talking: "Just a moment or two and I'll show you our little place. There. There you are. Get it? The two-story, white house jutting out on the waterfront. The one with the swimming-pool."

He grabbed his wife's arm, excitedly. "Look, Ma. On the roof garden. Waving. It's Marty." He put his hand to his mouth and hollered. "What ho, Marty."

Mrs. Smith cried, shrilly, "Marty."

Crane was impressed. He had pictured these people living affluently but in circumstances less tasteful than indicated by the beautiful waterfront home. He regarded the waving Smith with new interest.

Whether she could hear or not the woman on the roof garden waved frantically. The vessel moved sedately on. Ferries, thronged with young men and business girls in bright frocks, cut dexterously across its bows.

"Now, mum," Smith said, grinning, "you got everything fixed for the Customs? You sure you've hid those silk you-knows?" He winked broadly at Crane while Mrs. Smith blushed and said, "George, don't be silly. As if I would!"

"Better dash down and round up the kids; we'll be alongside soon," her husband suggested, and as she turned to obey he seized Crane's arm and took him forward.

He was silent but only for a moment, then he pointed, enthusiastically.

"Look at her, Mr. Crane. The big Bridge. Ten million quid and what a beaut! I bet they don't collect enough toll to pay for the paint on her. I told those newspaper chaps this morning——"

Crane interrupted.

"This morning? You mean you saw the newspaper men?"

"Why, yes, they came aboard at Watson's Bay." Smith looked surprised. "Didn't you see them?" Crane's face must have registered either disappointment or chagrin, for his companion added hastily, intending to be kind, "Maybe they couldn't find you. I guess they'll have men chasing you at your pub."

But they hadn't.

Maybe the purser had been a little to blame for that. Entertaining the Press boys as usual he'd said: "Well, there you are, buddies. Not a very interesting bunch this trip. Oh, yes, I forgot, there's a guy called Crane. Actor, of sorts."

"Hollywood?" someone asked, eager.

"No, no. Nothing like that." The purser laughed. "The old Op'ry House, if you ask me. I'd say he was the original Archibald Carlyle."

"Who's Archibald Carlyle?" the youngest reporter asked.

An old man finished his drink: "Before your day, laddie," he said. "Anyway, why dig him up?"

. . . . . .

Leaning over the seawall of the Botanic Gardens a young man and a girl watched the fish in the water of Farm Cove. He was tall, blond, calm-eyed, fresh-complexioned. She was small, dark, alert. They stood comfortably close together.

At the sound of the Alpara's siren they raised their eyes and, silently, watched the liner steaming slowly and majestically up the harbor. Her frightening snort at the bustling ferries echoed somewhere behind them in Woolloomooloo.

Drab little tugs shepherded her, and eventually fastened on her like hungry gnats, swung her round Benelong Point, and settled her comfortably at Circular Quay.

The girl snuggled more closely to the boy and said banteringly: "How come, stranger, you-all ain't down by yon waterfront givin' a old hometown welcome to yoh folks?"

The boy said slowly: "I suppose, 'cause I ain't got no folk."

Something in his voice made her serious at once. She said: "Snap out of it, honey. Don't tell me you're homesick."

STILL the boy failed to respond. "How could I be homesick?" he said restlessly. "I ain't got no home. No, I ain't homesick. I guess—well, I—we ain't got a job, an' I've got you, Janie, an' I can't figure out how I can expect you to stick around, things bein' like they are."

He broke a piece of plaster from the wall and flung it petulantly into the water. "I reckon I better call it a day," he went on. "I'd best make tracks up Leeton way or some place and pick fruit."

"You can't pick fruit in September, Bob," she said sensibly. "Not in New South Wales, anyway."

"Aw—well, I guess I might saw down a few trees at Kyogle. A chap was tellin' me——"

Janie caught his coat and swung him round.

"Gosh!" she said, "you have got 'em bad. What's the matter? We'll get a job. We've got a job."

"We got a promise."

"Randle's all right. He said, 'At the Colona in six weeks.'"

"You can starve pretty easy in six weeks."

"We could borrow."

He said quickly: "I ain't goin' to borrow nothin' I can't pay back."

"All right, Proudy," she agreed. "We won't borrow. We'll diet. We'll both diet. We'll start to-day. What's food!"

"We still got to pay rent for our rooms."

Janie pondered this a moment or two. She said, a little shyly: "We could cut a bit there—if you'd like," and then, aware of his swift glance, "I mean it don't cost much to get married."

He shook his head resolutely.

"What sort of a guy would get married just to save room rent?"

She tried a new tack.

"You've got the willies. Come on, Bob; snap out of it, honey. Lordy! Look at that sky. Hardly a cloud. And blue!" She hummed an air and sang a few words.

Please turn to page 28

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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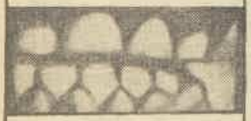

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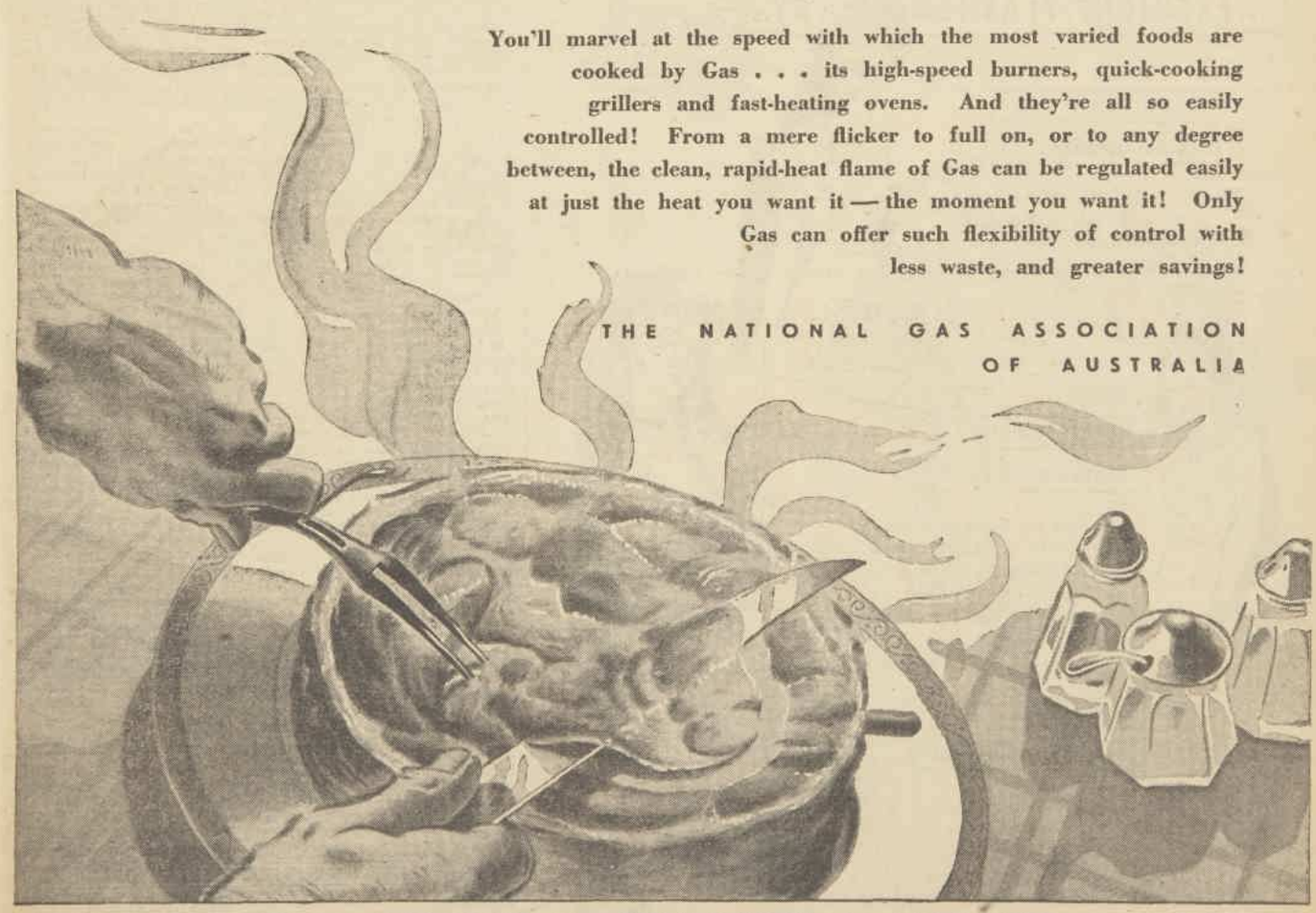

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A Thousand Looked On

FLASHING Bob a smile, Janie went on with determined cheerfulness: "Say, isn't the water sparkling. I bet those gulls don't know where to-morrow's breakfast's coming from. Gee! That's a twister. To-morrow's breakfast's coming from. To-morrow's br——. You say it—six times quickly."

He grinned at last. He said it six times slowly.

"There," she cried triumphantly, "you said, 'to-morrow's frekfust.'"

She linked her arm in his. "Love me, honey?"

"I got to tell you again?"

She squeezed his elbow. "Yes, every five minutes."

He said fervently: "I love you, Aussie."

"I love you too, Yank."

Her fingers ran down his sleeve and pressed into his palm.

He bent his head and rested his chin lightly on her hair, his eyes looking out over the cove to Pinchgut and beyond, where the red splodges on the hull of an anchored freighter matched the color of its lifeless funnel.

"Say it," she said.

He said softly: "God bless Captain Cook."

"God bless Christopher Columbus," she said, and felt his lips on her hair.

They were silent a little, busy with private thoughts. At length she looked up. "Better?" she asked, and when he nodded, apologising, "I didn't mean to grouch," she used one of his own phrases. "Forget it."

"Tell you what," she said brightly. "Let's go and have some coffee—here in the Gardens, at the kiosk."

"I thought we were going to diet."

"Oh, that!" she said. "We can start this afternoon. By the way, we can go to the Colona to-night if you'd like. Randle gave me a pass."

He said, surprised, "Pass on a Saturday night?"

"I think he was sorry we have to lay off so long," she told him. "They're house seats."

He said: "O.K., if you want, but I'm not keen on seeing that hypnotist act again. Kinda morbid."

She shivered: "It makes me creep even if it is fake. The way he's got his lights and all showing up those dopey faces like limelight on a lot of dough."

Arm in arm, they turned from the blue waters of the harbor and faced the vast lawns sloping upward towards the Domain.

They found a window-table at the kiosk. It was a little early and there were, as yet, few customers. They sat opposite each other, stirring the contents of their cups endlessly, drinking each other in, forgetting the coffee. They began to talk about their job at the Colona.

He said six weeks was a long wait. She said: "But look how we can improve the act. It might make all the difference."

They talked over their routine.

He said: "I enter, tapping. I'm keeping an appointment with my sweetie. But she don't show up. Tap-tap. Look at watch. Song. Song over. Look anxious. Then get hot-up. Annoyed. Shrug. I won't wait for her. Start to flip off."

She said: "My cue. Tap entrance. I am very pretty. I know it. I powder the old dial. Lipstick. I pretend I don't know tail, handsome American boy is interested. Tap past. Cross. Look back over shoulder."

He said: "I am looking back too."

She said: "Eyes meet. We both look away—I tap annoyance."

He said: "I tap and slap. Whooee! I come back. Song: 'Didn't We Meet Somewhere?'"

Continued from page 26

"Sometime."

"Somehow."

They sang their tag-line together:

"And if we both forget
The place where first we met
Anywhere is heaven, love, with you."

They laughed, very pleased with themselves, wrapped up in their art.

"Thunders of applause for me and my gal," he said. "Oh, boy, will you rock 'em!"

A woman spoke from a table a little distant. Intent on their own affairs, they had not seen her enter. She said: "I'm sure she will. You both will."

She rose from her seat and came over to their table.

"Do you mind if I sit down with you for a moment? I couldn't help hearing what you said."

"Why, of course," Janie said doubtfully, as Bob rose and pulled out a chair.

The woman said, "Thank you," and sat down. She was an elderly woman, making a desperate fight against her years. Raddled, Bob thought.

With feminine discernment Janie saw past the powdered wrinkles and dyed hair, noted the pretty mouth, the beautiful eyes, and deplored the woman's taste in dress. The floral frock was absurdly short for a woman of her years. Her high heels gave her a rather unbalanced gait. Her hat might have looked sweet on a young girl.

What a pity, Janie thought. What a pity she isn't a graceful, lovely old lady instead of—— she hesitated for a word.

The woman rested her elbows on the table. Her fingers were heavily ringed on both hands, the jewel settings dating to a past era. Set in the centre of one was a miniature gold nugget.

She said archly: "You must forgive an old woman for breaking in on strangers like this, but I was so interested—in you telling about your act, I mean. I thought I might help. And I was just a little lonely. That's why I come down to these lovely gardens. We used to come here when we were young—my husband and I. When I walk up and down with him, out there I hear his voice so plainly."

She added, as if she wanted them to agree, "They do come back, you know."

Bob looked uneasily at Janie. They were both embarrassed. They didn't know what to say. The woman was gazing out of the window. Her lower lip trembled. They got the impression that she had forgotten them, but, after a strained silence, she turned with a smile.

"You are an American, aren't you?" she said to Bob. "You'd never think it, but I'm an American too. So was my husband. But it's so long ago. I was—we were both on the stage."

"No?" It was all Bob could manage.

"Yes, indeed," the woman said. She looked at Janie hopefully. "You may have heard of me—Miriam Lindel. My husband was Lionel Lindel."

Janie said: "Why—er. Yes, I know the names. I——"

"You needn't pretend," the woman said, with a little smile. "You're much too young." She put out a scrawny hand and patted Janie's wrist. "And much too pretty to be worried about things. But there are many people, older people, who can remember me quite well, but they don't want to. I feel it. That's why I live out of town."

She sighed. "It's why, when I do come to the city, as soon as possible, I come down here to the gardens. I like this time when the wistaria is out and all the different blossoms. And the shrubs, too. Lionel loved the azaleas. I've watched them grow up. They get to know you."

She was gazing out on the gardens again and once more there was that embarrassing pause. It lasted so long that Bob picked up a teaspoon, dropping it purposely.

"Excuse me," he said.

The woman turned her head.

"Oh, but I'd forgotten," she said. "About your act. It's singing and dancing, isn't it? Quite a good idea, too. Original! I do detest this simultaneous dancing. Two people doing the same thing at the same time. It's like putting ornaments in the drawing-room in pairs."

Bob coughed. "Do you really think it was a good routine, Mrs. Lindel?"

She smiled at him. "It's nice to hear an American voice calling your name," she said. "Yes. I thought it a very good routine. What is your setting?"

"Oh, we've only got No. 1," Bob said. "We'll probably have to open the second half. Entertain the women while the men are finishing their cigarettes outside."

Janie said: "We're using a stock cloth. A painted street. One of those streets where there's no need for a traffic cop."

Mrs. Lindel smiled again. She fumbled in her bag and produced a cigarette. Bob lit it for her.

"You may think I'm out of date," she said, "but the theatre's the one thing I keep up with, and I think, if you can manage it you should have a set of tabs—some color that will set off your wardrobe. Then I'd have a prop lamp-post. Nothing else on stage. Atmospheric. It will lift you out of the ruck. The young man could lean against the post, waiting for the girl, and tap his impatience."

She turned to Bob. "You could do that?"

"Why, I——"

"Sure he could do it, Mrs. Lindel," Janie cried, enthusiastically. "Why, that's fine."

BOB was still doubtful. "Where'd we get a prop lamp-post even if the theatre gave us the tabs?" he asked, and explained: "You see, Mrs. Lindel, we don't get this job for six weeks. It's at the Colona."

"Wouldn't they advance you something?"

"Bob don't like advances," Janie said.

"Dear me," Mrs. Lindel exclaimed. "What a funny actor."

They laughed and the old lady looked pleased. She asked: "What are you doing now?"

"Now," Bob told her, grimly. "We eat—sometimes."

Mrs. Lindel was thoughtful.

"But you mustn't be downhearted," she told them. "Everyone in our profession doesn't eat sometime or other. I don't mind telling you—it's a long while ago—but I, my husband and I, had to play in vaudeville once. To pay our hotel bill." She smiled wanly.

"It was on the goldfields in Western Australia. They didn't seem to care for Shakespeare and we had a distressing season. But the hotel man was running a sort of vaudeville show—I remember he had the strangest whiskers—said we could do a short scene. It was very difficult—Othello and Desdemona following that awful woman in the red skirt kicking her fat legs and singing 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay'!"

"I bet it was," Janie murmured, sympathetically.

"So, you see, I know what it is." Mrs. Lindel picked up her packet of cigarettes and began to stow them in her bag. "You can come and stay with me if you want to," she said simply. "Till your engagement begins, I mean," and, as they gazed at her, astonished, she passed a card across the table to Janie.

"It's a bit far out," she said, "at Parramatta, and, mind you, there wouldn't be anyone to entertain you and I haven't any servants. Only one to help me—and he's a man and not very good—as a help, I mean."

"Oh, but we couldn't," Janie began and added, "Do you mean it, really?"

"I like asking people—especially nice people, nice young people."

She held a little mirror before her and touched up her over-red lips, then closed her bag.

"And now if you'll excuse me," she said with a glance through the window, "I can see my husband waiting for me. We always met under that big Norfolk pine after I'd come back from powdering my nose."

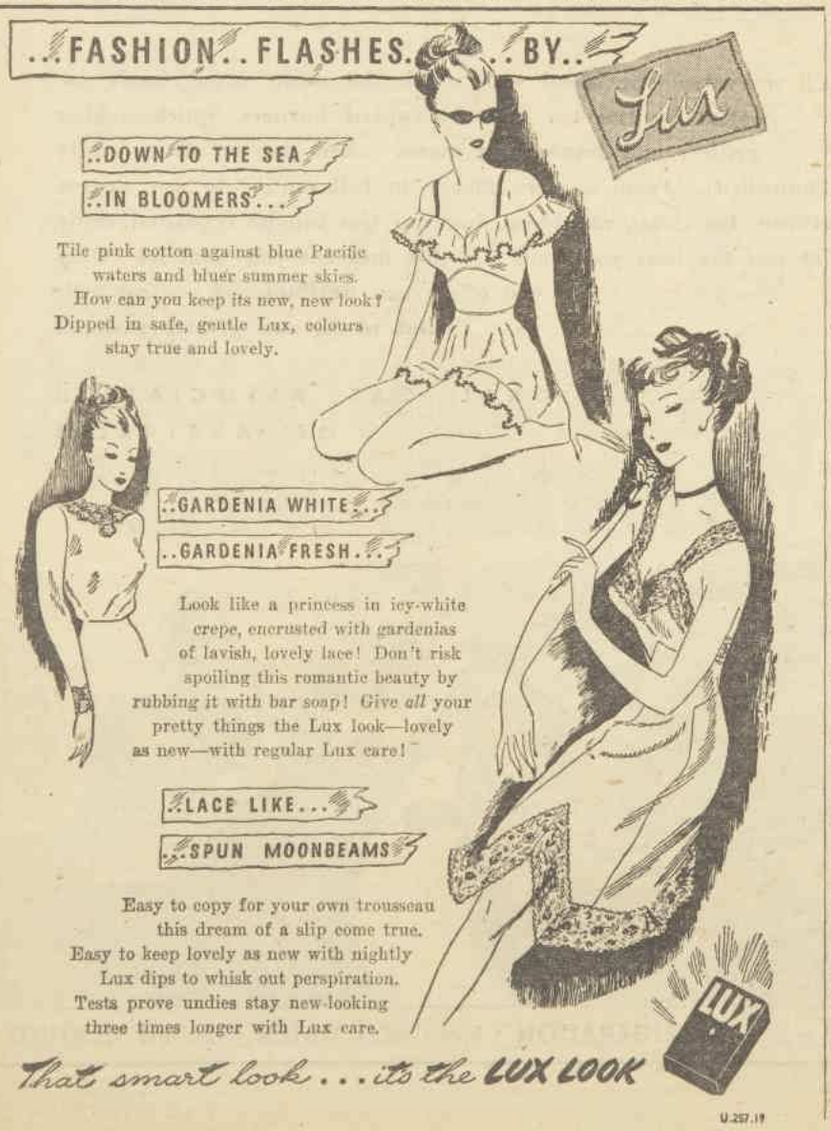
She rose. Bob got to his feet also and moved a chair out of her way. She smiled at him, said good-bye, and went on her way.

Through the window they watched her hurrying to the Norfolk pine. There was no one there, but, beneath it, Mrs. Lindel paused momentarily, then made a motion crooking her arm, and, turning, walked slowly away. People passing smiled at the painted old thing talking to herself.

"Well," Bob said, "what do you know about that. She's nuts."

Janie said, thoughtfully: "Yes, but rather nice nuts."

To be continued



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WORTH Reporting

WHEN former pupils of the Sydney Blind School held their annual Christmas party this year, some of them, for the first time on record, prepared the savories and cakes for the festivities.

This had been made possible by the first classes in cookery for the blind, held by the Australian Gas Light Company and organised by Mrs. Jean Bowring.

When Mrs. Bowring was asked if she would arrange a cooking class for blind women her first reaction was that it would be too difficult.

But the idea appealed to her.

She took the company's usual cooking syllabus as a basis and had the lessons and notes printed in braille. The pupils studied them at home and used them in class.

As Australian gas ranges have no braille thermostat, the blind pupils were taught manual control of the oven, using the angles of gas taps as their guide.

All ingredients and equipment were placed in exactly the same spot for each lesson. Measuring was done with spoons or glass measuring-cups with raised markings.

Mrs. Bowring and the cookery teachers were amazed at the proficiency of these pupils.

"They washed up all the things they used and always left the kitchen tidier than pupils who have sight," she said.

They learned to make sponge cakes, cheese and sweet biscuits, queen pudding, and jam tarts.

One of the pupils, Mrs. Thelma Thomas, of Willoughby, said her six-year-old son David always waited on the doorstep to devour whatever she had made in the class. "What did you make at school to-day, Mummy?" was his greeting.

The pupils all declare they are delighted with the classes.

Mrs. Bowring watched one pupil making boiled custard.

"But how do you know when it is done?" she asked.

"By the feel of it, as I stir, and I can hear the little bubbles," was the answer.

The classes have been so successful that there will be another series in the New Year.

Camp for employees

SEMAPHORE, South Australia, is the traditional Christmas holiday resort of Broken Hill people. In the last year or so there has been difficulty in finding sufficient accommodation for the thousands-strong mass exodus.

Therefore the Zinc Corporation has this year established on the sandhills north of Largs Bay a camping site (which will become permanent) for about 450 of their employees and families who have not found other accommodation.

Altogether the Corporation is represented by more than two thousand holiday-makers who came down in three special trains.

One hundred and twenty concrete-floored tents have been erected, and eventually it is hoped to have lawns surrounding them. Water is laid on, and next year there will be sewerage.

To give the womenfolk a respite from cooking, a caterer supplies all meals in two large mess huts. A picnic committee controls the operation of the camp, which will eventually have a permanent caretaker.

The miners' holidays extend from December 12 to January 5, but after that some of the families will still be in occupation of the camp.

Par avion

A READER sends us an anecdote from a Durban (South Africa) paper: At Harrismith a well-dressed native handed a letter over the post-office counter and asked whether it carried sufficient stamps.

The letter, addressed to England, bore 1/6 in stamps. The clerk was on the point of telling the native that it was too much when he saw on the top of the envelope the words "Fly paper"—the man's translation of airmail.

Almost new

A NEW bungalow is being built round an old bungalow at Stratford-on-Avon, England. Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Alcock are "living rough" while workmen pull down the walls and take off the roof of their present home and build up a new one.

As their new bungalow grows, the Alcocks move from room to room, taking their furniture with them.

The new roof is on and the outside walls are up, but the inside walls and fittings of the old house still remain.

The reason is that the new home has a larger floor space than would be allowed unless it could be built as a shell round something else.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"If there's anything y'want to know about handlin' a canoe or buildin' a fire in the woods, just ask Mr. Johnson!"

Want to swap

LONGEST distance housing exchange project we've run across is an offer of a house in Surrey, England, for a similar home in Melbourne.

Enterprising "would-be Australians" have supplied a Melbourne estate agent with a picture series of a charming gabled home and garden because they expect to come to live in Australia next year.

It is described as a two-storied brick home in a tree-lined street 12 miles from London, with five bedrooms and three reception rooms.

It's centrally heated and has polished oak floors. Garden sounds typically English, with laburnum, lilacs, and eighteen fruit trees. Crazy pavements set off velvety lawns.

Value is set down at £7000 sterling.

* * *

OVERHEARD at loan exhibition of pictures by Tom Roberts at Sydney Art Gallery: "That one's by that chap Roberts, too. He seems to have sent in a lot."

Off the scent

A YOUNG Melbourne matron we know who recently had to undergo a tonsil operation complained to her doctor that she didn't mind the operation, but dreaded the smell of the anaesthetic.

The doctor offered to kill the ether odor with perfume. He said children frequently "went off" to the scent of oranges, and suggested she might like the anaesthetic disguised with orange, lemon, boronia, or eau-de-cologne.

He advised her to be careful in her choice of perfume, however, in case she afterwards transferred her dislike of the smell of ether to the perfume which had camouflaged the anaesthetic.

The doctor's next inquiry came from his patient's husband.

"Would Chanel No. 5 be strong enough?" he asked hopefully.

Animal Antics

"Thanks, lady. What'll it be, sweet or hot?"

Novel gifts

MRS. H. L. HANNAM, of Leah Street, Forestville, South Australia, has solved the gift problem for nearly 60 friends and their children who will foregather for a Christmas party.

She has cut from the color pages of The Australian Women's Weekly pictures of pretty girls and mounted them on cardboard. She uses them only from the waist up, and then attaches voluminous colored crepe paper skirts to match the color scheme of the bodices. Under the skirts are bags of sweets.

All told, these "dolls" measure about a foot high and make a colorful display.

Mrs. Hannam tells us that she made them at night after she had put her four young children to bed.

"Making them was as good as a tonic to me," she said.

JUDITH ANN was such a lovely baby with her laughing eyes, cute smile and cheeks pink as a rose-bud. And Judith Ann was getting ready to be a radiantly lovely girl by caring for her skin regularly with gentle Pears Soap. That's the best start for any dream girl. Pears is so pure, so mild — just right for a baby's soft, tender skin.

AT TEN, Judith Ann was the leading "lady" of Boronia Avenue. She liked to play at "dressing-up" . . . She liked her favourite Pears Soap, too! She knew even then that teen age beauty begins with the regular use of pure, mild Pears.

She Made her dreams come true

See your way to loveliness through mild, transparent Pears!

GROWING LOVELIER every day, Judith Ann at nineteen was loved for her gay, natural friendliness . . . for her clear complexion, fair as the morning skies. If you asked this young lovely her beauty secret, she'd say: "Pears Soap and clear water, of course — I've used them ever since I was a baby."

Pears

Pears is the original *transparent* soap—it's so pure you can look right into the heart of each amber tablet.

IN HER WEDDING GOWN Judith Ann is like a dream come true. If *you* want a fresh, younger-looking complexion, don't be careless about your soap. Change *now* to regular skin care with pure, mild Pears.

PS.32.31.

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WHAT **KIND** OF HEADACHE DO **YOU** GET?

3 stages of a "THROBBING" headache

1 SYMPTOM OF CONSTIPATION

This is perhaps the most common of all headaches — usually throbbing and affects the brow region over the eyes. There's no need to put up with a throbbing headache. While you get at the *cause*, give yourself fast relief by taking just TWO Anacin tablets . . .

2 AMAZING SPEED

Anacin quickly soothes those irritated nerves. The pain becomes less and less . . . throbbing dies away because every Anacin tablet is a *combination* of four medically proven agents. *Four* ingredients — and it's the action of an *extra* ingredient that makes Anacin's relief so much swifter. Anacin is actually cheaper in the long run too, because two Anacin tablets will frequently do the work of much larger doses of ordinary anti-pain powders or tablets.

3 HEADACHE GONE

Quick blessed relief. That's what you get from Anacin. Quick and *safe* relief — with no after effects. So change to Anacin. Sold at all chemists in packets of 12, tins of 30, bottles of 50 and 100.

ANACIN

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

2 bring FASTER relief from headaches and pain CHANGE NOW

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THE BLUNTS: *To-morrow will be Christmas*

Weekly Feature

Written and illustrated by JILL BLUNT

A WHOLE month! Then a week! Three days! One day! And then To-morrow! The To-morrow that will be Christmas Day. And who will recognise the sedate parlor in the unfamiliar light of dawn, with a great tree grown overnight in the corner, bearing already the strangest, most exotic fruit?

It will be a tree more dazzling than the pride of the Hesperides, more coveted than the little nut tree with its silver nutmeg and golden pear.

And under the glinting, winking, tinselled boughs of the tree in the corner there will be windfalls, with gaudy cellophane skins, engines, ships, fat books, and thin books, toddling penguins, grunting bears, bicycles—surely—and lollipops: in fact, almost anything you could wish for—even live puppies.

Everywhere there will be candles, flowers, fruit, bowls of nuts, positive tubs of chocolates, and no breakfast, and on each door a fuzzy red wreath with a sprig of holly.

The air will quiver with Christmassy sounds; the persistent note of a tin trumpet, the two-tone whine of a gaudy cardboard whistle, the rumble of toy wheels.

Ah, me, and best of all those whoops of joy and the sweet, sweet tempers, for one glorious, happy day.

"You'd better crawl down before you fall down." Pamela's impatient voice hurled me out of my trance, and very nearly off the ladder I was sitting on.

"If you don't stop daydreaming," she said, severely, "we won't finish the Christmas cleaning."

There was a loud knocking at the door.

"You'll have to come down now, anyway," said Pam. "That's the postman with a registered parcel, and you'll have to sign."

"It's for me!" I yelped in amazement.

"Quickly, open it. Here's a knife. It might be nylons."

With an unthrifty slash I severed the string.

By the weight of it, I told Pam gloomily, it was just as likely to be a suit of chain-mail, and I was nearly right.

At that moment, the two gargoyles, who had been squatting on either post waiting for such a moment as this, rocketed into the kitchen.

"Wot's in it? Is it for me?"

"For me."

"Aw, gee, for you? I s'pose it's a mad dress or something, girls always get awful presents."

"It's an engine of some kind," I prophesied unhappily, as I fossicked in the straw. And it was, more or less.

After an hour of intense juggling, we had assembled a quite handsome percolator.

"Well, now, I wonder who could've sent it?" Then Penny found the card. "All the best, Wassail and what have you. Hope to see you round the festive board.—Mafeking Gramp."

"It's a sprat," I groaned.

"Mighty big sprat. Looks like a family heirloom to me."

"It probably is, too, but if you knew the size of the mackerel it was set to catch—three weeks, or maybe even a month, of Uncle Mafeking making sure we keep the thing polished, and if we don't he'll take it back. I wish he'd sent me a lavender bag or a coat-hanger."

"It's a silver donkey-engine! You li'l trimmer! It must be for me. Can I have it?" squealed Taffy as the steam putt-putted from the covered spout.

Penny merely looked sad. "My poor sweet, I'm sorry it wasn't nylons, or a lovely dress, all covered with precious jewels like the Princess.

"Can I have just four cherries joined together for earrings? Please, just teensies? And I'll spit out the pips I promise."

I refused both requests with the same "No!" and a savage snarl; but Taffy and Penny are such good boys they just said "Okay" and "All right, darling," they supposed I was right.

Pam was the first to recover from the shock. "Spoken like little gentlemen," she said.

"I knew you'd appreciate us. We've turned over a new leaf like Miss Cane says at school when you're bad and you get good."

Pam shooed them with a broom. "If you two want to be obliging, buzz off! I'm going to paint the chairs for Christmas."

"Well, I'm going to look for a Christmas tree. So skip the painting and on with the tree."

Pam abandoned her chair painting at the second leg, and we dashed down through the jungle to see how the pine trees were doing.

It's most peculiar how far from the ground the nicest branches are in our place, and how awfully close to the ground they are next door.

"Sorting out the fragile, glittering baubles from every cupboard in the house."

"In the dead of night?" I questioned cryptically, winking at Pam.

"Oo Jill, are you gointer steal one? Gee!" Taffy was appalled.

"Don't be ridiculous," I snapped. "Alice will give us the whole forest if we want it."

"Well, it's not hers either, she's only got a flat you know."

Here our unethical Penny put in impatiently, "Reely Taffy! Even if Jill did steal it in the night well, what was dead though? Okay, well even if she did, it wouldn't be stealing because you can't steal trees, you can only steal money or precious gems."

"Aw, don't be dopey, you can steal horses or anything, can't you, Jill?"

"Yes, and reputations. Skip it; we won't go into that."

Then Honest Taffy had a snidger, beaut, terrific idea. Old Wormsy—sorry, Miss Wormwood—had the best Christmas tree, reely better than the imitation ones even. We could pinch that. Well, she deserved it, she was worse than Scrooge in the book.

"Pish—tush," I reproved, far too amiably, "we shall have a tree even if I have to run one up out of crepe paper."

"Oo! That would be better an' better," breathed Penny ecstatically.

"Anyway," I suggested, "let's go up to the house and dig out the decorations."

With a whoop we scrambled up the cliffs, forgetting all about the chair painting, the cobweb war, and Uncle Mafeking's imminence. Instead we gave ourselves up to the delights of making party lists, and sorting out the fragile, glittering baubles from every drawer and cupboard in the house.

And now while we've a minute to breathe, gentle reader, we all wish you as merry a Christmas as we hope we'll have ourselves.

"A tree bearing the most exotic fruit."

IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

● Many people confess that their minds become blank and that they feel downright numb when they are required to write a letter, whether it is of a business or social nature.

Yet a week seldom goes by in anyone's life without there being some letter that must be written or answered.

IN replying to the request below, I am making a few general remarks that may be helpful to people who "hate writing."

"I NEVER know how to go about writing a letter. Can you help me?"

While it is perfectly permissible to type a business letter, notes of condolence or congratulation, invitations, acceptances, and regrets should always be written by hand. This applies to all personal correspondence, with the exception, perhaps, of long letters to old friends.

Try to confine a business letter to one sheet; write short, well-set-out paragraphs that are easy to read.

There is no better rule, when writing to friends, than to write as you talk, in a chatty, relaxed manner. The letter with a humorous slant is more welcome than one containing a tale of woe.

Even if you haven't a bombshell of news to explode, small domestic happenings can be made entertaining if acutely observed and related in a lively and amusing way.

A box of good white writing-paper is a useful standby, even if you prefer a color for general use. White can be brought into service for any occasion, even for letters of sympathy. Invitations of a formal nature should always be answered on it.

Envelopes and writing paper should always match.

Don't try to pretty up letters by foreign words and phrases, or think that blots and scratchings out won't matter. Don't write a letter when you are angry. When you have calmed down you will regret it. And don't start every paragraph with "I."

* * *

"HAVE you any suggestions for a New Year's Eve party? There will be about 30 of us, aged from 15 to 19. We don't want to dance all the time. We have been thinking about fancy dress, but can't decide what we should wear."

For a gay New Year's Eve party, let the girls wear their prettiest cotton dance frocks, and the boys formal—but not too formal—clothes.

When there is dancing, heavy "think" games aren't popular. Your friends will appreciate pencil and paper games only of the lightest nature, and plenty of action. Try to make a games room where it won't matter if you play skittles, darts, and generally cut a rug.

Introduce some of the games you all enjoyed as children, and reward the winners with funny, inexpensive prizes.

"MY fiance objects to my going to dances with my girl friends, and to my writing in a purely platonic spirit to an old boy friend in Japan. He even wants to read the letters. Can you see anything wrong in either of the things he objects to?"

To be quite frank, it seems unnecessary for an engaged girl to want to go to dances not accompanied by her fiance. About writing to this old flame in Japan, I quite agree that you have the right to do it. But, as you are engaged to an apparently possessive man, don't you think it would be tactful to drop the correspondence for his sake? He, of course, has no right to demand to read another person's letters.

* * *

"I THINK no wife should interfere where her husband's men friends are concerned, as a general rule, but my husband spends so much time with his that I feel I will have to ask him to give them up and spend more of his leisure with the children and me. What do you advise?"

Almost any course of action that will achieve what you want. But don't give your husband the right to say now, or at any time in the future, that he has given up his friends for your sake.

Try to win his companionship without being complaining or pathetic. Most husbands who turn to their men friends do so because they feel neglected or unimportant at home. Often all they want is companionship.

So try taking a little more interest in his interests. Keep yourself, your home, and your children as attractive as you can, and don't let your household duties take up so much of your time that he feels there is none left for him.

When writing for advice on your problem

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 17.

She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

"HOW do you get to know a girl when you live on a station, and see her only when you go to town? I think she's as aware of me as I am of her. But I'll have to move fast, as she might be going away."

See if you haven't a common acquaintance who can introduce you. You'll have to come right out and say you want to meet this girl—no false pride. Country towns aren't so big that there won't be somebody who knows you both.

* * *

"IS it the custom on becoming engaged and married for the girl to give the man a present? Also are eternity rings given before or after marriage?"

There is no hard and fast custom of exchanging gifts when an engagement is announced. But it is usual when a couple are being married for them to give each other something of lasting value. Eternity rings should not be given until after marriage.

* * *

"CAN godparents be under 21 years of age?"

Yes, godparents may be minors.

Look out for ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE at all Newsagents and Bookstalls —— 1/- every month.

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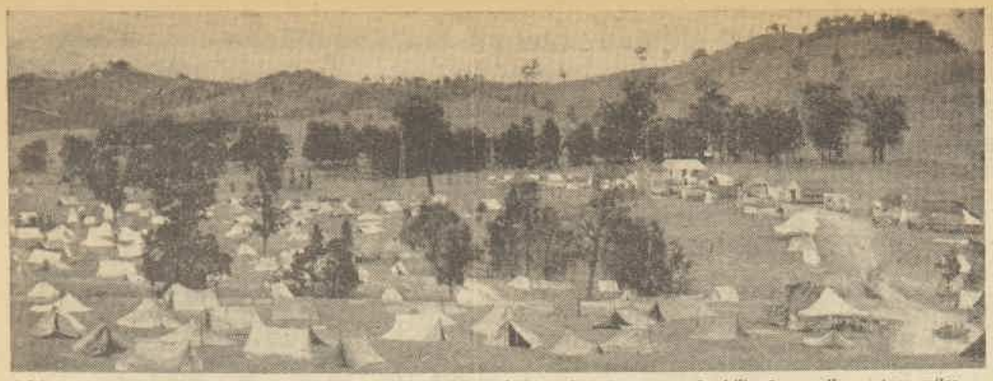

LOCATION SITE of the Australian film, "Eureka Stockade," photographed from a nearby hill. In a valley sixteen miles from Singleton (N.S.W.), a replica of the original Eureka mining camp has been built. The main street can be seen in the upper right-hand corner. One of the biggest scenes will be the burning of the Eureka Hotel by the angry mob of miners.

JACK LAMBERT, English star, who has the role of Commissioner Rede in "Eureka Stockade," tries on one of his uniforms with the help of wardrobe-designer Dahl Collings. All his uniforms were made in London.

History comes to life again in Eureka film

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

One of the most dramatic events in Australian history—the Eureka Stockade of 1854—is being re-enacted as a film by Ealing Studios.

Sixteen miles from Singleton (N.S.W.), in a magnificent country setting, a complete replica of the famous mining camp near Ballarat (Victoria) has been built.

THE whole set-up is a tribute to the persistence and skill of English producer-director Harry Watt.

From the vantage point of the front seat of a jeep, I caught my first sight of the film unit at work.

We had bumped and bounced over a clay road after leaving Singleton.

Houses were rare and the panoramic views were unimpeded for miles around.

Suddenly we turned a sharp corner on the top of a hill and there below us lay the "Eureka" camp.

A few months ago the site had seen nothing more exciting than the owner's cattle browsing.

Then one day, Harry Watt, with other executives, found his way along the lonely road and looked down at the picturesque valley.

For weeks he had driven thousands of miles in Victoria and New South Wales, looking for a spot in which nature had duplicated the site of Eureka.

The original site had long been destroyed, and, climatically, Ballarat was unsuitable for film making.

Once the decision had been made and designs drawn, an army of technicians, builders, and carpenters began to transfer that quiet vista of countryside into its historical double.

In Sydney, buildings copied from original sketches of the period were prefabricated and taken to the site.

The co-operation of the Army was sought, and Army men, following the example of Services in other countries, were co-opted to appear in many scenes and cover jobs for which union labor was not required.

The men were drawn from Greta military camp, and, with the "locals" from Singleton who are employed as extras they are finding their first experience of film work a "pretty decent sort of job"—to quote one.

Miners' tents were dotted over the sides of the hill sloping into a gully. They appeared to be placed haphazardly, but closer inspection showed that in size and arrangement they had been placed to allow for perfect perspective, when long shots were being taken.

In the mining garb of 1854, dozens of men were wielding picks, cradles, and shovels near a running creek.

Queen Victoria's "soldiers" in uniform were standing round.

Main street scene

FILMING was taking place on the edge of the creek, so first we walked down the main street.

The Eureka Hotel, drab and grey, with its big painted sign, neat lace curtains on upstairs windows, and typical swing door, was on the right.

A dozen white hens picked their way across the street, and a loudly snorting pig made its presence heard and smelt.

A butcher's shop, its window laden with "prop" joints of meat, lay on the left. Near it was the Theatre Royal, a horrifyingly unluxurious building.

The Catholic Church came next, and a cafe with the sign which offered "dinner for sixpence."

The police station and courthouse and a Chinese cafe helped to make up the street's buildings, and a newspaper office lent its note of reminiscence of early days.

Further up the hill was the replica of the Commissioner's residence.

Shouts and yells from the valley made us hurry towards the scene where 1947 technical skill was producing the atmosphere of almost a century ago.

Modern camera equipment stood in a strategic position presided over by George Heath and his assistants.

A yell of laughter arose and I saw director Harry Watt, hatless and energetic, rehearsing the big group of "miners."

Watt is a remarkably speedy director. On that one day, eight sets were arranged and eight takes were in the can before the unit went home.

To the initiated that is a remarkable feat of work for one day, and the entire unit was full of praise for the way in which Watt gets through the work speedily and efficiently.

Bearded characters wandered round, and behind the beards I recognised leading actors from England and Australia.

There was Chips Rafferty as Peter Lalor, central figure of the film.

Chips does not only wear miner's garb. He has about six changes of costume, ranging from that of miner to member of Parliament.

Then there were English Jack Lambert, dressed immaculately as Commissioner Rede, Peter Illing in miner's costume as Rallaelo, friend of Lalor, and Scottish Gordon Jackson.

Australians included Peter Finch, Edgar Yardley, Kevin Brennan, Grant Taylor, Al Thomas, Cecil Perry, Kleber Klaux, and Paul Delmar.

Sydney Loder, who did film work in Europe, also was there. He has a feature role, and so has Canadian Alex Cann.

The only two women present were Meg Smart, who was acting as continuity girl till the arrival of Dot Foreman from England, and Mrs. Harry Watt, wife of the director.

As Harry Watt talked of the difficulties which had to be overcome, the weather clouded over and all chances of any further shooting were ruined. Weather was proving a big headache to everyone concerned.

"Pack up," he called, and within half an hour the big buses had set off for the unit's home camp nineteen miles away.

Formerly an Army camp, it now is the temporary home for four or five months of approximately 100 people, including aborigines brought from Queensland.

Much has been done to make the place comfortable and among its most enthusiastic members were the men stars from England, who loudly acclaimed its virtues.

"I have to be dragged off to the city if I have to go down for anything official," said handsome Jack Lambert.

Twenty-three-year-old Gordon Jackson looked up from a meal of mushrooms cooked in butter and grinned. "This will do me," he said.

The mushrooms had been gathered by some of the cast and were being served in one of the huts as hors d'oeuvres before the regular dinner.

Dahl Collings, who designed the costumes, showed us the rows and rows of clothes stored.

Suits for Rafferty, Lambert, Jackson, Illing, and hundreds of soldiers' and police uniforms, even to caps, belts, and gloves, were ready for immediate use.

Frocks for English star Jane Barrett will be completed when she arrives in Australia next month.

The day's work is on a strict schedule. Breakfast ends at 8 o'clock and by 8.45 the team of buses are loaded and on their way to the location.

Healthy, suntanned, and enthusiastic, all of the people concerned in "Eureka Stockade" are doing their best to make the film the success they hope it will be.

CHIPS RAFFERTY prepares for a day's shooting of "Eureka Stockade." As Peter Lalor, Chips is the leading figure among the dissatisfied miners, whose anger at the heavy taxes imposed on them leads them into a revolt. Lalor eventually became a Member of Parliament.

Film Reviews

★★★ BUSH CHRISTMAS

DON'T be misled into thinking that this grand Australian film is just for the youngsters. Only the most cynical picture-goers will fail to be keenly appreciative of what producer-director Ralph Smart and his Australian cast have done, to say nothing of the beautiful outdoor camera work of George Heath. Heath shows our bushland at its best, whether in close-up or long shots.

Under direction from British Gaumont Instructional Films, Ralph Smart wrote the simple story of "Bush Christmas," which deals with the attempts by five children to capture a trio of horse thieves.

The children, played by Helen Grieve, Morris Unicomb, Michael Yardley, Nicky Yardley, and aborigine Neza Saunders, are delightfully natural. Nicky, with his unruly fair hair and toothless, six-year-old grin, looks like having an excellent future in films.

The horse thieves (Chips Rafferty, John Fernside, and Stan Tolhurst) are humorous "baddies" who seem to have enjoyed making the film as much as the juvenile cast.

A fine musical score by John Kay and excellently recorded bush noises add to the enjoyment of a film which makes another step forward for our film industry.—Embassy; showing.

★★★ BLACK NARCISSUS

BECAUSE of its religious background, this GBD (Rank) technicolor release of Rumer Godden's novel is bound to raise controversy, but its interest is unchallengable, and its production is of top quality.

Stars are Deborah Kerr, Sabu, David Farrar, and Flora Robson.

Miss Godden wrote the story of a band of Anglo-Catholic nuns whose attempt to establish a school and hospital in a remote Himalayan village is frustrated by the effect of the place on their human emotions.

Deborah Kerr gives a restrained performance as Sister Clodagh, head of the nuns. Best performance in the film is that of Kathleen Byron as tragic Sister Ruth, whose neurotic temperament leads her into attempted murder and her own death. It is a remarkably vivid portrayal.

Sabu, as an Indian soldier, Jean Simmons, as an uncontrollable native girl, and Flora Robson, as Sister Philippa, show care and thought in their roles.

Derek Farrar, as the cynical, hard-drinking English agent whose presence upsets the nuns, gives his best film performance to date.

The producing-directing team of Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger have produced another unusual and thought-provoking motion picture.—Esquire; showing.

★★ THE EXILE

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS jun. has a triple interest in this historical drama of events in the life of King Charles II. Fairbanks wrote the script, produced the film, and starred in it. He will receive most credit for his acting and the production.

Maria Montez is co-starred as a French countess, but her performance is completely outshone by that of an interesting blonde newcomer, Paule Croset. In the role of a young Dutch girl who befriends the exiled King Charles, Paule Croset displays great charm and sensitivity.

Released through Universal International, "The Exile" is photographed in a soft sepia tone.

There is not much plot, as the story revolves round an adventure of Charles when he is in Holland attempting to escape the vengeance of Cromwell's Roundheads.

Fairbanks' best scene is the final duel, done in typical swashbuckling style.—Lyceum; showing.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 166-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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LOOK to this day,
For it is Life, the very life of Life–
In its brief course lie all the
Varieties and realities of your existence;
The bliss of growth,
The glory of action,
The splendour of beauty;
For yesterday is but a dream
And Tomorrow is only a vision,
But today well lived makes
Every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well therefore to this day!
Such is the salutation of the dawn.

From the Sanscrit.

with Every Good Wish from

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1 GREED FOR MONEY of Lorna Blake (right: Ursula Jeans), mother of two girls, inspires her plan to get help by telling hard luck story to wealthy people. She confides in her maid Susan.

2 DECEPTION of Lorna's elder daughter, Molly (Jill Raymond), who believes Lorna's lies, results in Molly being forced to refuse chance of happy marriage.

The Woman in the Hall

THIS film, the final one made by Jean Simmons before she left for Australia on her way to Fiji, where she is to make the technicolor "Blue Lagoon," was adapted from a novel by G. B. Stern.

As well, Wessex Films (released by J. Arthur Rank Organisation) have starred Ursula Jeans and Cecil Parker.

Ursula Jeans, who is rarely seen in films, is the wife of popular stage and screen star Roger Livesey.

She plays the role of a talented liar who has a psychological urge to make money easily by preying on the sympathy of rich acquaintances.

Her success at this form of begging brings her a wealthy husband, but almost ruins the lives of her two young daughters.

3 RICH SUITOR Sir Halmer Barnard (Cecil Parker) is taken in by Lorna's charm and soon asks her to marry him.

4 MISTAKEN IDEAS of younger daughter Jay (Jean Simmons) cause her to spend money lavishly on gifts.

5 FORGED CHEQUE by Jay to pay for gifts brings her arrest. Lorna refuses to help her, but Sir Halmer learns truth through Molly and promises to act as witness for Jay in coming court case.

6 REALISATION of trouble she has caused her children finally makes Lorna attend court, where she confesses to long career of frauds and deceptions.

Always Wakes-up HAPPY and BRIGHT

"Teething upsets" so easily pull baby down — yet they are so unnecessary. At teething time you should give the child Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders. In the safest and simplest way, they allay irritation, cool the blood, and keep the motions regular. Baby feels fine and teething passes without worry.

Box of 20 Powders — 1/6

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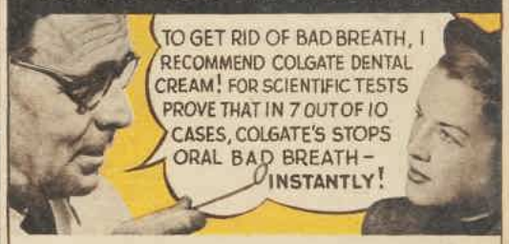
SHOULD A GIRL LET HER BOY-FRIEND KISS HER GOOD NIGHT?

CLAIRE SEES HER DENTIST!



"HERE'S WHY: COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS AN ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM THAT GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND SO REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MUCH UNPLEASANT BREATH. COLGATE'S SOFT POLISHING AGENT CLEANS ENAMEL GENTLY, SAFELY!"

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★ The Dressmaker SAID "Yes madam-it--er-suits you perfectly..."

★ But she MEANT "Even a French Model couldn't make you glamorous with that blotchy skin!"

"Showing shoulders" is high fashion. Make sure yours are free from spots and blotches by using

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Don't be a half-way beauty . . . the type who cares for her face, and ignores shoulders and back. You can be lovely all-over so easily by the regular use of Rexona Soap. Rexona is specially medicated with Cadyl to clear away the impurities that cause pimples and blackheads . . . dull and lifeless skin. It tones up the pores — makes *all* of you romantic.

• REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona compound comprising Oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, Turpentine, and Bornyl Acetate—all recognised valuable skin medicaments.

X.66.26A

A SPRAY of flowers at the waist will change the appearance of a plain frock worn for a special occasion.

THIS CURVETTE of fresh flowers, charming for a bridesmaid, might be adapted to hold the bride's veil if white flowers are used.

FLOWERS ARE ENCHANTING

FLOWER EAR-RINGS matched to a posy bracelet. The ear-rings should be worn with an upswept or short hair style.

FLOWERS from the garden may be used to add color to frocks or hair-dos, or they may take the place of jewellery, in the form of ear-rings and bracelets.

For the spray used as a waist posy on a plain dinner frock (top left), two large roses, some tiny buds and other small blooms are used.

Some of the small flowers are wired to the main spray through their stalks. Others are attached to ribbons.

Wiring flowers requires very little practice. Wire in two thicknesses is required. The thicker wire is pushed to the base of the flower head and stiffens the stalks. The thin type is used for small heads, looped through the base, leaving enough to twist on to the next blossom.

The foundation of the curvette shown above is a strip of ribbon "straw" wired down each side and bent to the shape of the head. Flowers such as roses and carnations are wired and stitched across the centre of the band, and small flowers are wired through their stems to stand up behind. A ribbon bow finishes the right side.

For the decorative ear-rings shown left, a pair of foundation ear-

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SUMMER COLDS
and
HAY FEVER

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1. *Simple and effective. No oily drops to use.*
2. *Pleasant in odour.*
3. *Convenient to carry. Nothing to spill.*
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Many people have found that the use of Benzedrine Inhaler at the first sign of a cold will often stop the cold developing. This is because the vapour diffuses throughout the nasal cavity, reaching and relieving the congestion wherever present.

In serious cases of Sinus trouble you should consult your doctor.

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IT'S SMART to wear double-row choker necklets on high-necked dresses, and fresh flowers provide variety in color.

A GARLAND that follows the neckline of an evening frock is a pretty contrast, and a great variety of flowers may be used. See story for further details.

New protection against T.B.

By MEDICO

"MY sister, who is now in hospital with lung trouble, has been living with us for the past five years. Is there any way my children can be protected from the infection?" asked Mrs. P.

"We know that T.B. is acquired by contact with those who are already infected," I told her.

"For the past thirty years medical science has been studying ways to build up an immunity in children and others such as nurses and medical students."

"How far have the doctors gone along those lines?"

"Plans are already being made to prepare in Australia a special vaccine called B.C.G."

"But I thought that vaccines against T.B. had been tried and found useless," said Mrs. P.

"That is true about every tuberculin vaccine except this B.C.G.," I agreed.

"B.C.G., which is called after two French scientists, Calmette and Guerin, who discovered it in 1923, has had very thorough trials in Europe, especially in Scandinavia. It has also given good results in Canada."

"How is the vaccine given?" she asked.

"In the same way as vaccination against smallpox, using several small areas."

"How long does the immunity last?" was her final question.

"That is not definitely known, but it is certain that the degree of protection is increased to a worthwhile level. I'll keep a watch on B.C.G. developments in Australia, and let you know when it is possible to immunise your children.

"In the meantime, I'll do a Mantoux test on them and have their chests X-rayed.

"They should all have a pint and a half of milk each day, four ounces of meat, oatmeal porridge for breakfast, a vegetable salad each day, and less sugar, honey, white bread, cakes, and sweets."

[All names in these articles are fictitious.]

clips with little holes through which flowers may be fastened are used. Fasten a small flower very close to the clip with fuse wire or silken thread.

The bracelet is made similarly to the choker necklet above, but it is sewn to ribbon to tie round the wrist.

Use any small flowers in two brilliant contrasting colors for the choker necklet. Cut the heads close and thread them on a wire through the base, making one row about 8½in. long and the second row 10in. Loop the wires together at the ends and stitch to ribbon ties to fasten in a bow at the back.

The garland decorating the plain frock is easily made. Mass the larger blossoms in the centre, tapering them off to tiny ones at each side.

Cut the flower heads close, twist a 6in. length of wire through the base of each, and join these wire stems, bending them to the particular shape of the neckline.

PARTY GAMES

HERE are games that the children will like:

Place a series of objects, as boxes, brooms, bottles, on a level piece of land. Call for three volunteers to walk blindfolded across this area without touching them. After they are blindfolded, remove all the objects, leaving the way clear. The rest of the children will be greatly entertained by the high-stepping antics of the blindfolded ones.

If you have a large garden, this game is great fun. Two children are chosen as "hares" and are given a large bag of peanuts or sweets wrapped in paper. They are given five or ten minutes' start to rush off and hide, laying a trail to their "burrow" or hidey-hole. They can lay false trails if they like, but must lay a true one eventually. The "hounds" set off in pairs to hunt them. The first pair to discover the "hares" receive a prize, or become the next "hares."

"Bond Street"

POWDER

Schemed for flattery are the true skin-tone shades of Yardley Powder. Feather fine, yet marvellously adherent . . . especially when used with Yardley Complexion Milk. You will be enchanted, too, by its magical, heart-catching fragrance . . .

"Bond Street" Complexion Powder 4/4

by YARDLEY of London

Venetians

... Flexible Metal

... Now Available

LAST AS LONG AS YOUR HOME

Thrill to the luxury of a home with venetian blinds, to enhance every colour scheme and blend with every style of furnishing.

The glass-like, mirror surface of baked-on plastic finish will not crack, chip, flake or rust, and makes cleaning amazingly simple. "Aberdeen" venetian blinds are almost completely silent in operation; the slats can be tilted to any angle, or closed, with absolute quiet. When slats are tilted to the desired angle —they remain there until altered.

The graceful curve of the metal slats will eliminate summer glare and heat, and may be adjusted to any position with the touch of a cord. The pull cord raises, lowers and locks the blind. And when you close "Aberdeen" metal venetian blinds, the slats give perfect closure, affording complete privacy.

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OBTAINABLE IN WIDTHS UP TO 8 FT.

FLEXIBLE: Slats are concave, cannot sag, lie straight across the window —if you bend them they snap back to former shape.

PROTECTION: Curves of slats reflect light and heat—give complete protection from summer heat and winter cold.

EASY TO CLEAN: A flick of a duster and "Aberdeen" blinds are free of dust. Plastic finish resists soiling.

SILENT: Can be raised, or lowered, tilted, or closed, with absolute quiet. Perfect for nurseries and bedrooms.

Aberdeen

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AT ALL LEADING STORES

If unobtainable write to SMITH COPELAND & CO. PTY. LTD., 33 Regent St., City, Sydney. M 4181.

BABY CRAFT

WELCOME ADVICE TO BUSY MOTHERS

No one in the world is more busy than the mother of a tiny baby, but she doesn't mind so long as her little one is healthy and happy.

Health and happiness are the natural outcome of regularity. If the little system is kept functioning correctly from the beginning, so much anxiety can be avoided. So why not get Steedman's Powders right away?

Known to three generations, Steedman's are universally recognised as the safest and gentlest aperient from teething time to fourteen years. Promoting healthy regularity without harmful purging, they are obtainable everywhere. Look for the double EE on the wrapper to be sure you get the genuine Steedman's.

They are made solely by JOHN STEEDMAN & CO., DEPT. J., Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

HERE'S NEW BEAUTY FOR YOUR HAIR TOO! TRY THIS S.R.S. ROUTINE: SHAMPOO WITH CAMILATONE RINSE WITH TONRINZ SET WITH LUSTRSET

Camilatone

beauty shampoo and Tonrinz

Puts sunshine in your hair

Baby and I are getting on wonderfully now. Ford Pills are so gentle and effective that they are worth their weight in gold.

Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit, to keep you well in Nature's way.

2/6 Everywhere

In unbreakable plastic tubes. F.3.4

FORD PILLS

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SHEEP STATIONS.

Romance of Wool

An idea of the rapid rise in the number of sheep in Australia can be gained from the fact that in 1792 there were only 105 sheep in the colony, these increasing to 6,312,604 fifty years later, and to-day they number approximately 105,000,000.

The increase in numbers caused a corresponding search for new pastures "out-back." Great sheep stations sprang up hundreds of miles from the coast. On the Darling River, individual holdings of up to 1,000,000 acres are not uncommon.

What many do not realise is that in the greatest part of this "out-back" region there has been wrought only one change since the explorers first came upon it. It is the same beautiful, endless, pitiless country —except for just one difference, sheep have come there.

Felt and Textiles of Aust. Ltd. are one of the largest local buyers of Australian wool, and use only the best in the manufacture of Feltex Floor Coverings.

As the demand for Feltex is so great, it is regretted that intending purchasers may have to wait for delivery of orders placed with their furnishing store.

FELTEX

PATENT NO. 102301/37

FELT & TEXTILES OF AUSTRALIA LTD., Manufacturers of Marbled, Plain and Patterned Feltex

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FIRST AID TO BEAUTY

EVENING glamor is made in the day. The party frock is the one in which you look prettiest if you are particular about the little niceties that distinguish careful grooming. Here we talk over first-aids to grooming.

By CAROLYN EARLE,
Our Beauty Expert

JUST when you want to look extra-glamorous some last-minute crisis looms — a spot appears on your chin, or a fingernail tears.

So that your enjoyment of New Year parties is not spoiled this way, plan ahead and have ready some "first-aid" treatments.

Keep a few selected preparations in the cabinet, and some homespun remedies, too, to help save the day.

A "bump" comes up:

There is an excellent cover-up preparation on sale now—a flesh-colored near-cream that will banish the redness for the evening and stay put until it is washed off.

It is packed in a tiny, plastic container, and could easily go along in the handbag.

The trick is to apply with the fingertip enough to cover the bump, with a quarter-inch to spare all round for blending with the surrounding skin. Powdered thickly, not a vestige of redness penetrates.

There is also the ruse of covering a suitably placed bump with a tiny circle of black court plaster, and promoting it to a beauty patch.

A fingernail breaks:

Paste a sliver of plaster along the length of the tear, allowing it to overlap slightly at the nail edge. Press down firmly, then thin out the plaster with strokes of an emery board.

Paint all over with colorless lacquer and tuck the overlapping edge smoothly under the nail with an orange stick.

Another coating of colorless polish, allowed to dry thoroughly, and finally two coats of color will camouflage the first-aid work.

Eye-strain:

Relax the muscles with hot and cold compresses, and seal the lids for five full minutes with cold witch-hazel pads. Simple herbal eyepads may be made at home by filling little muslin bags with used tealeaves dipped in hot water and left on for five minutes. Test carefully before applying, and follow with cold water splashing.

Blend a darker than usual foundation or a very little pale green or mauve eyeshadow over the smudges under face powder.

Failing one of these, use a heavy-type powder base, well blended over the shadows, for temporary relief.

The weary look:

Give yourself a quick facial. Make it yourself with the juice of a cucumber (even though there is no juice extractor available, you can get the juice by using an ordinary glass squeezer), add a few drops of witch-hazel, and enough magnesia powder to make a thin paste.

Cleanse the skin, apply mask, and allow it to remain on for twenty minutes to step up the circulation and clear the complexion. Then give your face, with a lukewarm rinse, a cool astringent before make-up for satin finish.

A lip-blister blooms:

This is a particularly trying moment, because healing takes time, and too much attention is probably worc than too little. Before each treatment use a mild antiseptic mouthwash after cleaning the teeth.

Swab the blister several times in the day with cooled boracic lotion, and dab with antiseptic calamine lotion. Keep creams and make-up of all sorts away from the blistered part; at night use more calamine lotion, powder it over lightly and detour the daytime lipstick.

Aching tiredness:

Ordinarily you could sit tight and refuse to face up to another night out, but, after all, on New Year's Eve . . .

Try twenty minutes relaxing at the inversion angle—feet at a level 18 inches higher than the head.

Follow with a warm bath, a very cool shower, brisk towelling, and cologne rub down, and stepping out should be a pleasure.

Technicolor bruise:

Make a big, very cold swab of cotton-wool, and fix it firmly over the bruise—tie it on, if necessary; leave for at least an hour, changing it for a fresh one every so often. Afterwards massage the bruised area gently with a little oil on the thumb-pads until the swelling or hardness disappears.

Cover-up cream or even cream foundation with a half-inch border all round blended thinly outwards, well powdered over, will disguise the discoloration.

You cut a finger:

It's just a simple surface cut, but the bleeding can be annoying. Sometimes holding the injury under running cold water for a couple of minutes stops the bleeding.

Otherwise dab with a mild antiseptic, press the edges together gently, and bandage firmly. There should be no more bleeding after ten minutes, and the gauze can be discarded.

A handy antidote to have in the home at all times, too, is a plastic-skin preparation. A thin film is painted on the spot, where it dries, stopping the bleeding, excluding air —and dirt.

Sunburn line:

There is sometimes a thin, red line of sunburn on forehead or nose, with flaky bits of skin at the edges. First massage with skin food or olive oil, and leave it be for half an hour.

Meanwhile make a couple of bran or oatmeal bags, squeeze them out in warm water, and use several times to soothe the soreness and coax away the flakes. Pat dry, and with cotton-wool dab with a special cooling cream or some calamine lotion.

Calamine is quite an efficient base, otherwise a milky lotion makes a soft, thin foundation for sensitive skin. Where skin is actually blistered, use tannic acid jelly.

Stained fingertips:

Tobacco-stained hands are inexcusable—particularly on a woman. Ordinary polish remover makes an efficient cleanser, or chlorax from the laundry helps efface the discoloration.

Follow with hand lotion or cream.

Lemon juice is a mild bleach, and drying the hands with a little uncooked oatmeal occasionally will make them smoother and silkier.

Never neglect a heel blister

Any blister can become infected. Never take a chance!

Treat the blister properly, then apply a BAND-AID the Johnson & Johnson adhesive bandage. It keeps out dirt, helps prevent infection, avoids irritation.

BAND-AID is a ready-made adhesive bandage, with a protective gauze pad.

Keep one box at home, and one where you work.

8D PKT. OF 12
DOUBLE SIZE FAMILY PACK
1/3 for 24

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The perfect ready-made dressing

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS

KIX is the strongest fly spray with D.D.T.

ONE SPRAYING KILLS THROUGHOUT THE SUMMER

NEW REDUCED PRICE 1/8 PER BOTTLE

How different!

Protect your hair from sun, wind and sea with creamy Napro Hair Vitalizer. Replace natural oils without surface greasiness. One treatment shows the difference.

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AT CHEMISTS SALONS AND STORES

TIRED FEET?

Hot, tired feet need this treatment:—
A Cuticura Soap bath and Cuticura Ointment application. Try it and enjoy real foot comfort. Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder—the famous trio.

572

Cuticura OINTMENT

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Ensure sturdy, healthy development with these *SPRAY PROCESSED* infants' foods

Correct development depends both on the goodness that is in baby's food, and the goodness he gets out of it. That's why spray-processed Vi-Lactogen or Lactogen is so much better for baby. This exclusive Nestlé's process of manufacture not only conserves the essential vitamin content, but ensures a soft, fine curd that is completely assimilated and digested by the most delicate digestive system. These famous foods also contain added vitamins A and D to guard against infection and promote sound growth, and organic iron in the correct proportion to guard against anaemia. So, when breast milk fails or requires supplementing, Vi-Lactogen or Lactogen will provide baby with the safe, sound, body-building nourishment he needs.

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for the younger baby

LACTOGEN

as baby grows older

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Holiday Food

● Food for the picnic basket or for holiday meals served at home should present no problems if you use the sweet and savory recipes on this page.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

GOOD and attractive food should be part of the holiday plan, but take care that you do not find yourself tied to the kitchen instead of relaxing with the rest of the family!

The recipes given below may be prepared in advance, leaving only assembling and serving to be done when meal time arrives.

Use these recipes now and file them for future use on summer week-ends, when you want to cut kitchen work to a minimum.

HAM OR CORNED BEEF PINWHEELS

(A little diced, parboiled red or green pepper may be added to potato filling if liked.)

Thin slices of ham or corned beef, mashed potato, a little butter and milk, finely minced onion, chopped parsley, a little mixed mustard.

Cream hot, mashed potato with butter and milk. Add onion and parsley to flavor. Turn on to plate to cool. Spread sliced meat lightly with mixed mustard, then with a ¼in. layer of cold potato mixture. Roll each slice of meat as for swiss-roll, wrap in waxed paper, and chill in ice chest or refrigerator until required. When ready to use, cut in slices ¼in. to ½in. thick, and serve with salad accessories.

MINCE TART

(Good shortcrust, made with dripping, may be used instead of the biscuit pastry.)

Pastry: Four ounces margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg-yolk, 1¼ cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt.

Fruit Mince: Three-quarters cup mixed fruit, 1 tablespoon finely shredded peel, 1 large apple (peeled, cored, cut into dice), little grated lemon rind, good squeeze lemon juice, pinch spice and nutmeg, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2oz. brown sugar. Or 1 cup prepared fruit mince may be used instead of the above ingredients.

Prepare filling first. Place all ingredients into saucepan and stir over low heat until thoroughly mixed and softened. Allow to cool. Cream margarine or butter thoroughly with castor sugar and lemon rind. Add egg-yolk, mix well. Work in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt, making a dry dough. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly, divide into two portions—one slightly larger than the other. Roll both portions thinly. Line a 7in. tart-plate with the larger portion, moisten edges.

Fill with fruit mince, cover with second portion of pastry. Press edges together, pinching a frill. Brush with water, sprinkle lightly with castor sugar. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Reduce heat slightly after first 15 minutes.

COLORFUL, appetising suggestions for festive season meals are pictured above . . . dishes illustrated include Scotch shortbread, mince tart, onion cheese bubble bread, strawberry crumb castles, jellied tomato and meat moulds, ham or corned beef pinwheels served with potato salad, pineapple, tomato, celery, and lettuce.

SCOTCH SHORTBREAD

(A faint flavoring of lemon rind or vanilla may be added if you prefer shortbread that way.)

Four ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. castor sugar, 4oz. plain flour, 2oz. ground rice, pinch salt.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar until soft, white, and fluffy. Gradually work in flour sifted with ground rice and salt. Press into greased square tin, prick well with fork, mark lightly into finger-lengths. Or may be turned on to floured board, pressed or rolled to ¼in. thickness, cut into finger-lengths and placed carefully on to greased tray. Bake 25 to 30 minutes in moderate oven (350deg. F.) if in one tin. Allow 15 to 20 minutes if cut into fingers. Store in airtight tin when cold.

JELLIED TOMATO AND MEAT MOULDS

(May be left in moulds and packed in picnic basket if weather is not too hot.)

Three cups chopped tomatoes, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon grated onion, 1½ cups minced cold meat (ham, beef, corned beef, chicken or veal), 2 tablespoons diced celery, 1½ cups meat or vegetable stock, 3 teaspoons gelatine, red coloring, small quantity cream cheese, sprigs of mint, lettuce leaves.

Place tomatoes, salt and onion into a saucepan, cook to a pulp. Rub through a strainer. Add half the gelatine and a little red coloring, reheat until gelatine dissolves. Allow to cool. Set to a depth of ½in. in small wetted moulds. Dissolve balance of gelatine in heated stock. When beginning to thicken, fold in meat and celery. Season with salt and pepper. Fill into moulds, chill until set. Unmould on to lettuce leaves, garnish with mint sprigs and cream cheese softened with a little milk.

QUANTITIES FOR PICNIC SANDWICHES

One 2lb. sandwich-loaf makes 18 double sandwiches.

Six ounces butter, creamed and extended with 2 tablespoons warmed milk, will spread a 2lb. sandwich-loaf.

One pound thinly sliced meat or six hard-boiled eggs, pounded with salt, pepper, and a knob of butter or 1 dessertspoon white sauce, will fill 18 double sandwiches.

ONION CHEESE BUBBLE BREAD

(Good served with salads or used as a base for savory spreads.)

Three ounces plain flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1oz. grated cheese, 1 level teaspoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon milk.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne. Rub in butter, add cheese and onion. Mix to a very dry dough with the milk. Roll to wafer thinness on floured board. Cut into strips 2½in. by 1½in., place on greased tray. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F.) 6 to 8 minutes. Allow to cool on tray. Store in air-tight tin when cold.

STRAWBERRY CRUMB CASTLES

(No plain cake or sponge left to make crumbs? Then substitute soft, white breadcrumbs and flavor with grated orange rind.)

Two cups stale cakecrumbs, ½ packet strawberry jelly, ½ packet lemon jelly, 2 cups boiling water, 1 tablespoon strawberry jam, fresh strawberries to garnish.

Dissolve strawberry jelly in 1 cup boiling water, dissolve lemon jelly in remaining cup of boiling water. Rinse small moulds with cold water, fill with strawberry jelly to a depth of ½in. Chill until set. Fold cake-crumbs into cooled lemon jelly. Place a dab of strawberry jam on top of set strawberry jelly in each mould, fill moulds with cold cake-crumb mixture. Chill until set. Unmould and serve garnished with fresh strawberries.

HONEY COOKIES

(These are easy on the sugar. Try using good, clean fat in place of margarine or butter. Increase lemon rind to 1 teaspoon to overcome fatty flavor.)

Three ounces flour, ½ teaspoon carb. soda, pinch salt, 3 level dessertspoons margarine or butter, 2oz. rolled oats, 2oz. chopped raisins or sultanas, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 egg.

Sift flour, soda, and salt. Rub in margarine or butter, add rolled oats, raisins or sultanas, sugar and lemon rind. Mix to a dry dough with beaten egg and honey. Drop a teaspoonful at a time on to greased oven tray, cook in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 12 to 15 minutes. These cookies keep well in an air-tight tin.

"AEROPHOS," THE MODERN RAISING INGREDIENT . . . CONTAINED IN ALL LEADING BRANDS OF SELF-RAISING FLOUR AND BAKING POWDER

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Keep REGULAR
this gentle, NATURAL way

Your health depends on what you eat . . . Kellogg's All-Bran will stimulate and maintain daily regularity . . . no medicines needed.

WHAT IT IS . . . First and most important — Kellogg's All-Bran is a *food*. Constipation starts with your food, so it is only natural that a food must be the right thing to correct and end constipation.

Today's modern foods often lack bulk. Over-cooking . . . too many mushy foods . . . these keep that essential bulk out of your diet. And your system needs bulk *every day*, otherwise — constipation!

WHAT IT DOES . . . Kellogg's All-Bran relieves constipation because it supplies this natural bulk. Kellogg's All-Bran forms a soft, absorbent mass that gently massages the internal muscles and brings on peristaltic action.

Start to-morrow morning. Eat two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran as a breakfast cereal with milk and sugar. Do this regularly every morning and within a week you should be regular again. Otherwise you should see your doctor. Sold by all grocers.

True-to-life story
of Mrs. J. Stringer, Armidale, N.S.W.

". . . ruining my health"

1. "I had tried everything to relieve constipation . . ."

2. ". . . but it was ruining my health."

3. "Then a friend told me about Kellogg's All-Bran. I was not very hopeful, but I decided to give it a try."

4. "I started eating All-Bran for breakfast every morning and I can truly say the results were amazing. Within a fortnight I was completely regular — something I hadn't known for years (Signed) (Mrs.) J. Stringer."

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN★
★ Registered Trade Mark

Not a purgative—a gentle regulative food!

AB12A

What a spread!

BOVRIL SANDWICHES

Tasty, nourishing, sustaining, and made in a jiffy, a beefy Bovril sandwich puts new life into you and keeps you going. It's the perfect pick-me-up. Being so highly concentrated, very little Bovril goes a long way—a teaspoonful will make twelve large savoury sandwiches.

THE CONCENTRATED GOODNESS OF PRIME LEAN BEEF

—that's **BOVRIL**

DOUGHNUTS, as pictured above, are easy to make. First step: Beat together 1 egg, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup milk, vanilla, 1 dessertspoon melted shortening. Add 3 cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon nutmeg. Mix well.

☆

SECOND STEP: Roll out ¼in. thick. Cut with doughnut cutter or two different sized cutters, as shown. Allow to stand 10 minutes. Deep fry till golden brown. Drain well on paper before dusting with equal quantities castor sugar and cinnamon. May be served with golden syrup.

☆

Simple holiday recipes

● Easy-to-make recipes for use during the holiday season win prizes for readers.

INCLUDED are simple fruit drinks which will be enjoyed by young and old alike. Keep these—they're ideal for the hot summer months.

Don't forget to send your favorite kitchen-tested recipe—it may win you a cash prize.

WELSH POTATO PIE

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 4 medium-sized potatoes, 6 or 8 ounces bacon rashers, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, salt and pepper, chopped parsley.

Peel potatoes. Cut into thin slices. Remove rind from bacon and cut into strips. Grease an ovenware dish. Place layer of sliced potato on bottom, sprinkle with pepper and salt. Cover with bacon, sprinkle with parsley. Continue in this way until dish is full. Roll pastry thinly. Moisten edge of dish with milk. Cover with pastry, brush with milk. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 30 to 35 minutes, reducing heat to 350deg. after first 15 minutes. Beat eggs with milk, salt and pepper. Loosen one end of pastry covering, lift carefully, and pour in egg mixture. Replace pastry top and return to slow oven to cook until egg mixture is set and potatoes tender. Serve hot.

First Prize of £1 to Miss A. Gay, Greyholme, Laibert, Vic.

SUMMER DRINKS

Tomato and Pineapple Cocktail.—One cup tomato juice, 1 cup pineapple juice, sugar to taste, salt and pepper.

Combine all ingredients. Chill in refrigerator before serving in small cocktail glasses. A good before-dinner appetiser on a hot day.

Pineapple Ginger Ale.—One tin pineapple juice, ½ pint ginger ale, ½ cup finely diced preserved ginger.

Combine pineapple juice and ginger. Chill well. Add chilled ginger ale before serving with ice cubes.

Fruit Punch.—Bring to boil one quart water, ½ cup sugar with grated rind of 1 orange and 1 lemon. Stir till sugar is dissolved. Strain and cool. Add ½ cup lemon juice and 1 cup orange juice.

Chill thoroughly and serve garnished with thin slices of orange or lemon and small sprigs of mint.

Lemon Syrup.—Boil ½ cup water, ½ cup sugar, and two-thirds cup lemon juice for 3 minutes. Chill.

Dilute with 4 parts iced water or lemonade before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Jukes, 193 High St., Maryborough, Vic.

QUICK BREAKFAST SAVORY

Two or three bacon rashers, 1 teaspoon fat, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk.

Chop bacon rashers finely and fry gently in hot fat. Sift flour and salt. Make a well in centre. Drop egg in, mixing with wooden spoon. Add sufficient milk to make fairly thick batter. Pour over cooked bacon. When batter is cooked on one side, turn over and cook other side. Using 2 knives chop very finely and cook 2 or 3 minutes longer, shaking pan occasionally. Serve piping hot alone or with grilled chops or sausages.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to J. Daepel-McColl, 18 Normanhurst Rd., Normanhurst, N.S.W.

SURPRISE HAM CROQUETTES

Two cups mashed potato, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon powdered milk, salt, pinch cayenne pepper, ¾ cup chopped ham or corned beef, 1 egg-yolk, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, egg-glazing, browned breadcrumbs.

Mash potato and beat in powdered milk and butter or margarine. Season with salt and cayenne pepper. Spread on plate to cool. Mix ham with beaten egg and mustard. Take a tablespoon of potato mixture, make a hollow in centre. Place small teaspoon of ham mixture into hollow, mould potato round filling, and shape into a ball. Dip in egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Fry golden-brown in deep, fuming fat. Serve piping hot garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Wiese, 32 Northcote St., Torrensville, S.A.

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and SO EASY TO HANDLE

Swift *products are ALWAYS good*

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Kande POT MITS

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DRINK HABIT DESTROYED

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You can be sure of perfect fit when you buy Bond's Tru-Size "Underlovelies", as every garment is made true-to-size.

Look for the Bond's "Tru-Size" label.

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TRU-SIZE

"UNDERLOVELIES" FOR CHILDREN

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No more Cracked Walls!

Simply mix SURFIX Plastic Patcher with water and apply with a knife!!

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"PATRICIA"—ATTRACTIVE HOUSE-GOWN

The house-gown is available ready to wear or cut out ready to be made up in floral-bordered seersucker. The skirt is cut with the border down each side of the centre-front, and the back is on the bias, with the border forming a deep V shape.

Colors for "Patricia" are: White with floral design of red roses, lemon, green, pink, and black. Pink with floral design of lavender, blue and white gladioli, green foliage. Lemon with floral design of red, blue, and white gladioli, green foliage.

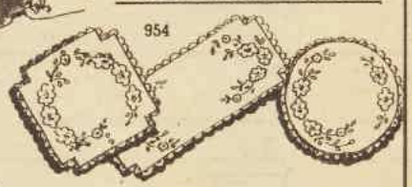
Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 58/6 (9 coupons); 36in. and 38in. bust, 59/11 (9 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in bust, 42/6 (9 coupons); 36in. and 38in. bust, 44/11 (9 coupons). Postage, 1/3½ extra.

N.B.—When ordering "Patricia," please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

954



No. 954.—DECORATIVE TABLE-MATS

The mats are traced ready to embroider on good wearing cotton material in shades of pink, blue, green, and lemon. Price, 9d. each. Postage, 1½d. extra.

Nos. 955 and 956.—DREAMBOAT SET FOR A TROUSSEAU

A nightgown and bed-jacket, traced to cut out and make up in a silk-finished spun rayon, with a small, scattered floral design. The uplift bodice is finished with a frill of self material, and straps tie on the shoulders. The jacket has a rounded yoke outlined with self frill, and ties at the neck. Nightgown and jacket may be purchased separately or as a set.

955

Colors for the Set are: Sky-blue, peach, nil-green, and lemon, with a small floral design of rose, green, lemon, and blue scattered over each background.

Sizes for Nightgown: 32 and 34in. bust, 22/6 (7 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 24/11 (7 coupons). Postage, 19½d. extra.

Sizes for Jacket: 32 and 34in. bust, 12/9 (4 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 13/11 (4 coupons). Postage, 8½d. extra.

The Full Set: 32 and 34in. bust, 34/9 (11 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 37/6 (11 coupons). Postage, 1/3½ extra.

N.B.—When ordering Needlework Notions, please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

● *TO ORDER: Fashion Frock and Needlework Notions may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 47.*

956

Your ill-health may be caused by

VITAMIN DEFICIENCY

Boils, Pimples, Indigestion, Blotchy Complexion, Flatulence, Nervous Debility and Blood disorders are frequently caused by Vitamin deficiency. Our modern foods are so carefully refined that the natural vitamins are lost in the processing. Among the most important of these vitamins are B1 and B2 which are present in large quantities in medicinal yeast. Yeaston Tablets are concentrated medicinal yeast in tablet form—that is why they are so valuable in relieving the many vitamin deficiency diseases. Yeaston tablets make up for the lack of essential vitamins in everyone's daily diet, help build up resistance to deficiency diseases, and ensure vigorous good health.

Flatulence and Stomach upsets can often be traced to "Acidosis," a condition brought about by the inability of the system to assimilate and properly digest food, through lack of the necessary vitamins. The effects of this vitamin deficiency are most noticeable in young children. That is why it is essential that the shortage of vitamins in their diet should be made up in some other way. Yeaston is the simplest way of ensuring an ample supply of Vitamins B1 and B2. Yeaston Tablets are beneficial to young and old alike, to everyone who wants to lead a healthier and fuller life.

At all Chemists and Stores.

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Pure Active Yeast in convenient Tablet Form

Bottles of 36 **1/6**

Bottles of 100 **3/6**

★ *For IRREGULARITY take Yeaston-Lax, a chocolate flavoured combination of yeast with a gentle but effective laxative. Excellent for children.* 7552

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If your dog's coat is dull, loose or ragged — if his nose is warm and he is listless or loses his appetite, give him **BARKO** *Condition Powders* BARKO Condition Powders. 1/6 ALL CHEMISTS

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MAXIMUM STRENGTH

The "Super-Plus" Maximum Double action Insect Spray . . . instant death to insect pests, long-lasting killing power, pleasant and safe to use. Because SUPER VERM-X contains the maximum useful proportion of DDT it kills all insect pests quicker and remains deadly longer. A full pint bottle will last all summer through.

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KEEPS ON KILLING

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Chases dirt

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★ LIQUID **lip-glo**

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For winter glory . . .

LUCULIA

● Few winter-flowering shrubs give more color and fragrance than the dainty, shell-pink luculia gratissima.

—Says Our Home Gardener

FOR the mild, almost frost - free semi-tropics and balmy coastal areas, this shrub is ideal, but it can also be grown in the colder parts of the Commonwealth, provided the gardener has a glasshouse or some means of providing protection from frost.

Luculia grows into a sturdy, somewhat tall, shrub after a few years, but can be kept shorter by judicious pruning. The flowers, which are a delightful shade of pale to shell pink, are extremely fragrant. They somewhat resemble the pips of the hydrangea in shape, except that they are true flowers.

The foliage, which is rather large and deeply veined, turns a deep bronze in winter, and is as beautiful as the blossoms, which usually appear in late May and June, and last for several weeks.

Luculia does best if planted out during summer or autumn, for it is rather frail and dislikes disturbance during the flowering period. It needs a semi-sunny position, but requires full protection from cold southerlies, westerlies, and frost.

If planted in an easterly position where it can be sheltered from heat and winds, luculia will grow rapidly into a beautiful shrub about 8ft. tall in four to five years. In cold districts it will often die right down to the ground if a frost is experienced, but usually springs to life again during summer, and will often replace practically the whole of the wood it lost during one season, if well fed and watered.

The leaves should be sprayed well with lime-sulphur during summer, as the shrub is often attacked and almost defoliated by red spider mite.

Young plants can be raised rather easily from cuttings taken after the flowering period.

If grown under glass, the shrub should be set out in pots filled with good, rich, well-drained, sandy loam. Old manure or fresh soil should be added each season, as luculia is rather a gross feeder.

A REAL GARDEN GEM, Luculia gratissima flowers in June, has pink blossoms of the utmost fragrance. It is frost-tender, but becomes hardier when the stems become mature and woody.

IF YOU HAVE to cut bread that is fresh and crumbly, try putting it into the refrigerator for a few minutes. If stale bread for sandwiches, cut bread with a knife heated by dipping it into hot water, as shown.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

WASH windows with a mixture of one teaspoonful of glycerine to a pint of cold, strained tea. Polish with a soft, dry cloth. Left-over tea from your pot can be saved up for a day or two for this purpose.

* * *

INSTEAD of darning large holes in socks, crochet a patch in fine wool or cotton and sew it to the sock.

* * *

TO clean a rubber sponge easily and quickly, soak in a cupful of tepid water in which a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda has been dissolved. Rinse thoroughly.

* * *

HERE'S a tip for mushroom lovers: One way to test mushrooms is to stir them with a silver fork or spoon when cooking. If they are not edible, the silver will discolor.

* * *

HALF a cup of salt dissolved in a cup of vinegar makes a good cleaning fluid for brassware. Rinse in soapy water, dry thoroughly, and polish in the usual way.

Right milk for baby's bottle

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

SOME babies have to be bottle-fed from birth, and the milk which must be used is one of the mother's big problems.

To ensure her baby's good nutrition she usually asks the milkman to let her have the "best" milk he has, meaning the one which has the most fat in it.

Now fat is the part of the milk that a very young baby finds most difficult to digest, as the fat in cows' milk was intended by nature for a calf, and it has larger and tougher globules.

If milk—especially Jersey milk—with a high percentage of fat is chosen, there are sure to be early digestive upsets.

The milk from a mixed herd of tested cows with an average percentage of fat in it is much better for early artificial feeding than the special "rich" milks which are sometimes sold, but it should be milk from a clean and reliable dairy.

THIS IS ROBYN JOAN, charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Incher, of Gordon, N.S.W., photographed at the age of eighteen months. Robyn has been taken regularly to the Pymble baby clinic.

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Your favourite SKIN LOTION now available as a SKIN CREAM in TUBES

1/3 OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

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Waterman's pens have been guaranteed for over 60 years and are still guaranteed.
Wide range of 14-carat handground nibs —flexible or firm—to suit every style of handwriting.
One-stroke filling action ensuring maximum ink capacity.

The Ink for The Pen

A new Waterman's Pen for Xmas. Keep it always new with the right ink—Waterman's, of course. Waterman's ink protects all parts, and is clog free, thus ensuring smooth trouble-free writing. Available in 8 new, bright colours in the famous "Tip-Pill" bottle.

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NO OTHER PEN WRITES LIKE A WATERMAN'S

Cerebos SALT OF QUALITY

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"Thank Goodness there'll be enough to go round NEXT Christmas!"

"It's been hard on me, in the Santa Claus business. Everyone wants Masonite . . . and I spend half my life trying to get it. Although the Masonite people have doubled the capacity of their plant, there *still* isn't enough to go round. However, I suppose housing must come first, so Dad's domestic carpentering will have to wait just a little while longer.

"I hear, however, that sometime next year the output of Masonite will be tripled, so—thank goodness, by NEXT Christmas, I should be able to supply *everyone.*"

A WORD WITH THE FORTUNATE FEW

To the fortunate few who have been able to obtain a little Masonite for personal use we offer congratulations. In Masonite you have the perfect hardboard—tough, yet easy to work: smooth, grainless, non-splintering: infinitely versatile: adaptable to any type of finish.

There is no more *durable* hardboard than Masonite. No other board so completely meets the needs of handyman and builder alike. That is why MASONITE is in such enormous demand all over Australia. It is, in the truest sense of the phrase, "The Wonder Board of 1000 Uses."

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Fashion PATTERNS

F4959. — Sunfrock and matching bolero make an ideal seaside ensemble. In sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material for frock and 1½yds. 36in. material for bolero jacket. Price, 1/11.

F4962.—Small boys' ranger suit. In sizes 18in., 20in., and 23in. lengths. Suit requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/5.

F4961. — School tunic and classic shirt blouse. In sizes 20in., 23in., 27in., and 31in. lengths. Requires 2yds. 54in. material for tunic and 2yds. 36in. material for blouse. Price, 1/11.

F4960. — Blazer for the junior schoolgirl. In sizes 23in., 24in., 26in., and 28in. chest measurements. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/5.

F4963. — Two-piece sundress. In sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 1/10.

F4964. — Tailored shorts and matching top. In sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Shorts and top require 2½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/10.

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SEND your order for Fashion Patterns (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 171), or by post.

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Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
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Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
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6 YEAR OLD WORK TROUSERS GOOD FOR YEARS YET

THANKS TO REGULAR WASHING WITH VELVET SOAP

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"MY HUSBAND AND SON ARE BOTH FARMERS," *writes Mrs. C. Wurst,* of Pine Grove, Lyrup, S.A. "At present they are rebuilding a binder and greasy hands are wiped on work trousers and dungarees. All I do is rub Velvet Soap well into the stains, allow to soak, then wash in very hot water; then I find the stains have disappeared. The trousers in the picture are 6 years old—still good for years yet, thanks to Velvet Soap."

VELVET'S EXTRA SOAPY SUDS MAKE CLOTHES AND LINENS LAST FAR LONGER

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goes in 3 minutes

No more worry with superfluous hair! Veet Cream ends this trouble in 3 minutes. No ugly razor stubble or shadow, yet every trace of hair is gone and your skin left white and velvety smooth.

Just apply Veet Cream, straight from the tube. After 3 minutes wash it off. Not a trace of hair remains. Skin is left cool and smooth as if no ugly hair had ever existed. Get a tube of Veet Cream to-day. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

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